

TOMMY JOYCE AND TOMMY JOY.



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HARRIET CHEEVER



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TOMMY JOYCE AND TOMMY JOY



“HANDKERCHIEFS WERE WAVED LONG BEFORE THE VESSEL WAS MADE FAST”

Tommy Joyce and Tommy Joy

By HARRIET A. CHEEVER

*Author of "Little Mr. Van Vere," "Rock Frog,"
"Madame Angora," "Lou," "Maid Sally,"
"Gipsy Jane," etc.*

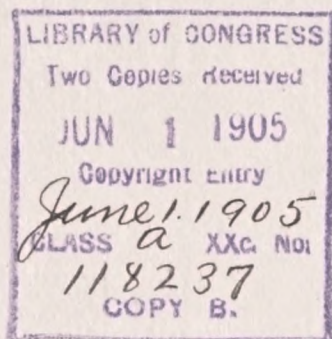
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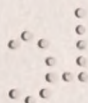
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TOMMY JOYCE AND TOMMY JOY

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TOMMY JOYCE AND TOMMY JOY

CHAPTER I.

TOMMY JOYCE

TOMMY JOYCE sat up straight and important on the high box beside the coachman, holding a long whip.

The whip Tommy held was an imported affair, the handle being of ivory banded with gold; for the rest, a firm whip of English holly, the lash tapering to a mere point.

The horses were "thoroughbreds," perfectly matched bays, with thick black manes and long black tails. Tommy's father was a smart and sensible man in most respects, who held

that a full mane and a long tail were far more becoming and natural to a horse than either shaving or docking could possibly be.

Every little while a fly would light on one of the arched necks or glossy flanks of the high-bred animals, and Tommy would flick it away with the end of the lash, then the horses would sidle and prance, and the coachman would call in a soothing, wheedling tone, "Now, now, Hector, boy! There, there, King John!" and by handling the lines in an able, expert way, he would quiet the spirited beauties.

But flies did not light often enough to suit Master Tommy, so he began amusing himself by touching up the horses merely for the fun of seeing them dance. He was not wise enough to know that a fine horse will stand a slight flicking and not mind it, but too many even light touches of the whip are not to be allowed.

So it soon came about that Jameson, the coachman, with all his skill and coaxing, had

hard work trying to manage Hector and King John.

“Don’t do that any more, Master Tommy,” he said; “the horses is getting restive. I won’t be able to make them stand at all if you’re keeping up a-pestering of them that way.”

The horses had scarcely calmed down when Tommy slyly flicked them again.

“If you’re for doing that again,” said Jameson, without turning his head, “you won’t hold that whip long.”

“Why won’t I?” asked Tommy.

“Because I won’t be letting you,” was the sturdy reply.

Now, you know it was said a moment ago that Tommy’s father was a sensible man in most respects, and so he was, yet there was one direction in which up to this time he had not shown himself a very wise man. He could make money, oh, a great deal of it, could control his fine steeds and make his collie and his hound obey him, but when it came to gov-

erning his own young son, well, Tommy governed his papa, instead of its being the other way and his papa's governing him.

Tommy's mother was a bright, pretty lady, still young and fond of gaiety. She attended parties, gave parties, and went about so much that, although she looked after Tommy's clothes, and saw that he went each day to his private school, she yet was not so much acquainted with the boy, his manners and disposition, as it would have been for his good to have had her.

Of course Tommy had his own way in almost everything. The servants did not like him at all, because as soon as they crossed him in anything he would scream, great boy that he was, eleven years old, and when he screamed his mother would rush into the dining-room or nursery, exclaiming, "What *are* you doing to that poor child?" And no matter how much Tommy might be in the wrong, his story was always believed, and the servants, not headstrong Tommy, were reproved.

It was no wonder that the servants kept leaving, still the place was an easy one, the wages good, and new maids were constantly appearing.

There was just one direction, however, in which Tommy was a little afraid of his father, for no matter how easy it might be to procure help for parlor, kitchen, and up-stairs work, it was quite a different affair getting the right kind of a coachman. And Jameson was a great favorite with Papa Joyce. For did he not know how to tend, feed, and doctor a horse with any other "whip" in the land? He did, indeed!

The man was part Irish, part Scotch, blunt, faithful, and possessed of a goodly store of strong, sound common sense. Moreover, he was the possessor of a Scotchman's special gift, a firm will of his own.

So it had come about that more than once Mr. Joyce had said to his young son:

"Tommy, there is one thing you are not to do! That is, trouble Jameson in any way.

Now, remember, there will be trouble for you if you disobey." And when he said that, Mr. Joyce's dark eyes had grown larger and darker than usual, and Tommy had the feeling that perhaps he had better let Jameson alone.

Ah, do you not see how easy it would have been for this kind father to have made Tommy behave himself in the house, at the table, and at school? But Mr. Joyce did not stop then to think this all out.

This sunny afternoon in the spring Mrs. Joyce was making calls, and as Tommy wanted to sit beside Jameson while she was in the different houses, she had allowed him to, although she would rather have left him at home. But as he showed signs of kicking and screaming if she said no, she had allowed him to be dressed and take his perch on the box.

And now Jameson, as you have seen, had told Tommy that if he kept on worrying the horses he would not hold the whip long.

Tommy considered. He was not used to

being told he could not do things. Yet he remembered just then how Jameson had dared to toss him — *him*, Tommy Joyce, out of the coach-house one day in the winter, when he would insist on turning the nozzle of the hose toward the carriage just washed. And no matter how loudly he roared, Jameson didn't care. Even when his mother attempted to interfere, the man said, respectfully but firmly:

“If the coach-house door is unlocked, ma'am, and the laddie goes in, I leave the place as soon as the master cooms home, and I can hand over the keys.”

Then Mrs. Joyce tried to reason with the screaming boy, but Tommy would not listen, so she gave up in despair, and let him roar as long as he saw fit. At last he went off muttering that he'd “tell papa,” and Jameson went on whistling and grooming Hector and King John until they shone like satin.

Yes, this little affair came into Tommy's

mind as he sat next the coachman's seat outside Colonel Larrington's house, whip in hand.

Ah, but he had Jameson in his power now, for what could he do if he, Tommy Joyce, took to screaming right in the street? Would he not be obliged to let him keep the whip? Of course he would.

The horses were standing a quiet, dignified pair, when Tommy flicked Hector a little more smartly than before. The horse plunged, reared, and sidled roughly against King John. Jameson, with quick sagacity, started them down the street, and on the instant Tommy felt the whip jerked out of his hand.

"You just give that back!" he screamed, making a dive toward Jameson's whip hand.

The man brought the carriage to a sudden stop, and stood up.

"Will ye behave yeself?" he asked, with a swift nod toward the boy, "or will I take ye by the crop, and hand ye into the street? Quick, now, which will ye do?"

"I'll scream if you touch me!" roared Tommy.

"Scream till ye bust and be welcome," returned the man. "Will ye behave yeself, or will I jump ye down?" He made a movement toward the boy's arm, still holding a tight rein on the impatient horses.

"You let me alone," repeated Tommy, sullenly. "If you touch me I'll tell papa."

"It's meself will have something to say to your father th' night," answered Jameson; "but, say, now, will ye behave?"

"Yes!" screamed Tommy, so angrily that Hector and King John eyed each other inquiringly.

Jameson sat down, turned the horses, and in a moment or two they stood again before Colonel Larrington's door.

Tommy considered again. In his innermost, turbulent young soul he much preferred not having Jameson "say something" to his father come night. And then, if there really is a strong touch of what is fine and manly in

a boy's nature, it will be sure to show itself when anything calls it up. Tommy's father was a manly man, even if he was not very wise in managing his only child. And his mother was a lady, even if she was really weak in yielding right along to the whims of a young boy.

So the good part of Tommy's boyish make-up all at once came to the surface; that is, the better part of his nature suddenly rose above the wilful, disagreeable part. He straightened himself. "Jameson," he said, "I don't want you to tell papa I howled that way to you on the carriage, nor that I kept plaguing the horses. And, Jameson, if I'll promise not to touch either of the horses again, will you let me hold the whip? Will you *please* let me hold it?"

Jameson was wary. "And do ye promise that, Master Tommy?"

"Honor bright, Jameson. I won't touch either of them again."

Without a word Jameson turned the handle

of the whip so that Tommy could clutch it in the right place.

“Thank you,” said the boy.

And it was while Tommy was again holding the whip, lash up, handle resting on his knee, himself proud, high-seated, and important, that we first saw him.

And it was also at the moment that we first saw him that a little lean, poorly dressed, but cheerful-looking lad, strolling up Dartmouth Avenue, spied the well-dressed, important-looking boy seated at the coachman's side.

“My eye!” softly exclaimed the boy on the pavement, “but isn't he the jolly swell? Doesn't belong to the coachy though he sits 'longside of him. He's the chick of me lord as owns the carriage and the horses. My eye! but it must be fine sitting aloft and eying the fellows in the street. I wonder what's his name. Mine's Tommy. I bet his might be *Archi-bald!*”

CHAPTER II.

TOMMY JOY

DOWN at Merchant's Wharf, earlier on the same day when we first saw Tommy Joyce, the lean, tall, poorly dressed boy who said his name was "Tommy," was sitting on a keg watching some men at work.

A low-lying fishing-vessel was Tommy's chief object of attraction just then. The men were hauling kegs of mackerel from deck to dock, and other men bounced the kegs on wagons waiting to take them away.

"Now, then," called a man in a rough blue suit and shaggy overcoat, "clear up as quick as possible; the captain wants to get under sail again to-morrow if he can. 'Tisn't twice in five years that such a haul of mackerel can be made at beginning of April. There's dol-

lars in every lineful. Hurry up! The more you get the more you make."

A sailor on board sung out, "Ay, ay, sir," and at it they went, some half-dozen men in all, wearing thick sea-clothes, and swinging to the work of clearing up the slippery deck.

At present there was nothing for this Tommy-boy to do but just gaze at the busy figures on the fishing-vessel, wishing, perhaps, that he was old enough to lend a hand and be busy with the others. But the patient little figure on the rickety keg did not stir until a whistle blew, a clock at a distance struck twelve, and the men all around the wharf either hurried off to get their dinners at some near eating-house, or opened the dinner-pails that in most cases they had with them.

Then, with the swiftness of a cat, the boy slipped down, ran over to the fishing-boat, and, going fearlessly over the slanting board leading to the deck, was almost instantly beside the heavy man who had been giving orders.

“Oh, say, Mr. Frankfort,” he burst out, “isn’t there something I could be doing to help? I haven’t caught a penny so fur to-day, and Mis’ Cullen, she won’t be giving me a hammock to-night unless I’m payin’ three cents for it.”

“How about that mission man?” asked Mr. Frankfort.

“Hoh!” cried Tommy, “you don’t ’xpect I’m goin’ for a pauper or a heathen to be taken up to some mission rooms and given some biscuits and good advice, like I was a cripple without two hands to work with, do you? I’m goin’ to support myself long’s my hands and my heels hold out! And I’ll fight it out on that line till I’m seventy, if I has to.”

The burly man laughed and clapped the boy on the back. “Good for you, I admire your independence, little Mister Joy!” he said; then he sobered as he added, “I wish to Gideon there was something I could give you to do, but, bless you, I have to keep things

swishing about the wharf, and there's nothing a chit like you could do on a fishing-smack."

"I could scrub the deck," said Tommy, hopefully.

"No, you couldn't, boy. Your pipes of arms couldn't manage the tremendous mops and holystones they swash around with. But never you mind, sonny, keep up good heart, and you'll find jobs you can do will come rolling in with the tide by and by."

He laid a chunk of buttered bread on Tommy's knee as he spoke, for the two had seated themselves on the rough deck bench. "I seem to have an overdose of lunch," he remarked, as he bestowed the bread, and then, after a few moments of silence, he asked, slowly:

"Why don't you try going to school, Tommy-lad? I'd kinder like to see you get on, what with your pluck and good nature and all that. But I think a chap that means to really get ahead in this knock-about world has got to know something."

Tommy gradually stood upright. "Well, now, I'm a handsome objec' to talk about goin' to school, ain't I? Look along there!"

He thrust out a limb on which was a long trouser leg, faded, worn, and frayed. On the foot was a cracked and pitifully shabby shoe. Then he thrust out the other limb, showing another trouser leg even more worn than its mate, and the second shoe was surely no improvement on the other.

"Then please send your eye travellin' up my jacket," added Tommy, "and — which side of the picture do you like the worst?"

Mr. Frankfort laughed. The quiet drolery of the boy amused him, as it had often done before. Something about Tommy's natural smartness also touched him.

"Who was your father or mother, Tommy, do you know?" he asked.

"As to the daddy of me," Tommy replied, between complacent bites of the bread, which, by the way, was very welcome, "Mis' Tucker, she said he was took off by a fever when I

was a kid about two. My mammy I can remember: she had eyes."

"Indeed!" said the dockman, dryly.

"Y-e-s, she used to look at me sort of long at a time," added Tommy, cheerfully. "Mis' Tucker said she was pretty sick a long time, but there was a bit of money daddy left, so she had plenty to eat and to drink, and lots of medicine, as long as she lived. That was first-rate."

"Yes, so 'twas," said Mr. Frankfort, heartily.

"Then," continued Tommy, "I went errands for Mis' Tucker, and helped tend the baby, and could set the table in great shape. Mis' Tucker, she never spoke a cross word to me; she used to say we helped each other; but her old man, he got work in another town and didn't want her to take me along, so I took to doing errands, carrying bundles, or most anything, so's to get bites of food and enough to pay Mis' Cullen for a corner at night. Land!" crowed Tommy, swelling a

little, "I've kept myself for years, and learnt some things besides!"

Mr. Frankfort stole a long look at the boy as he sat munching the bread and leaning forward. No mistake, there was something taking about Tommy. He, too, "had eyes," as the man beside him suddenly discovered, great, lustrous brown eyes, clear, honest, and independent. Something stirred within the clumsy man's frame that made him swallow too quickly, and for a moment he choked. Then he began, bravely:

"See here, Tommy Joy, I'm going to tell you something."

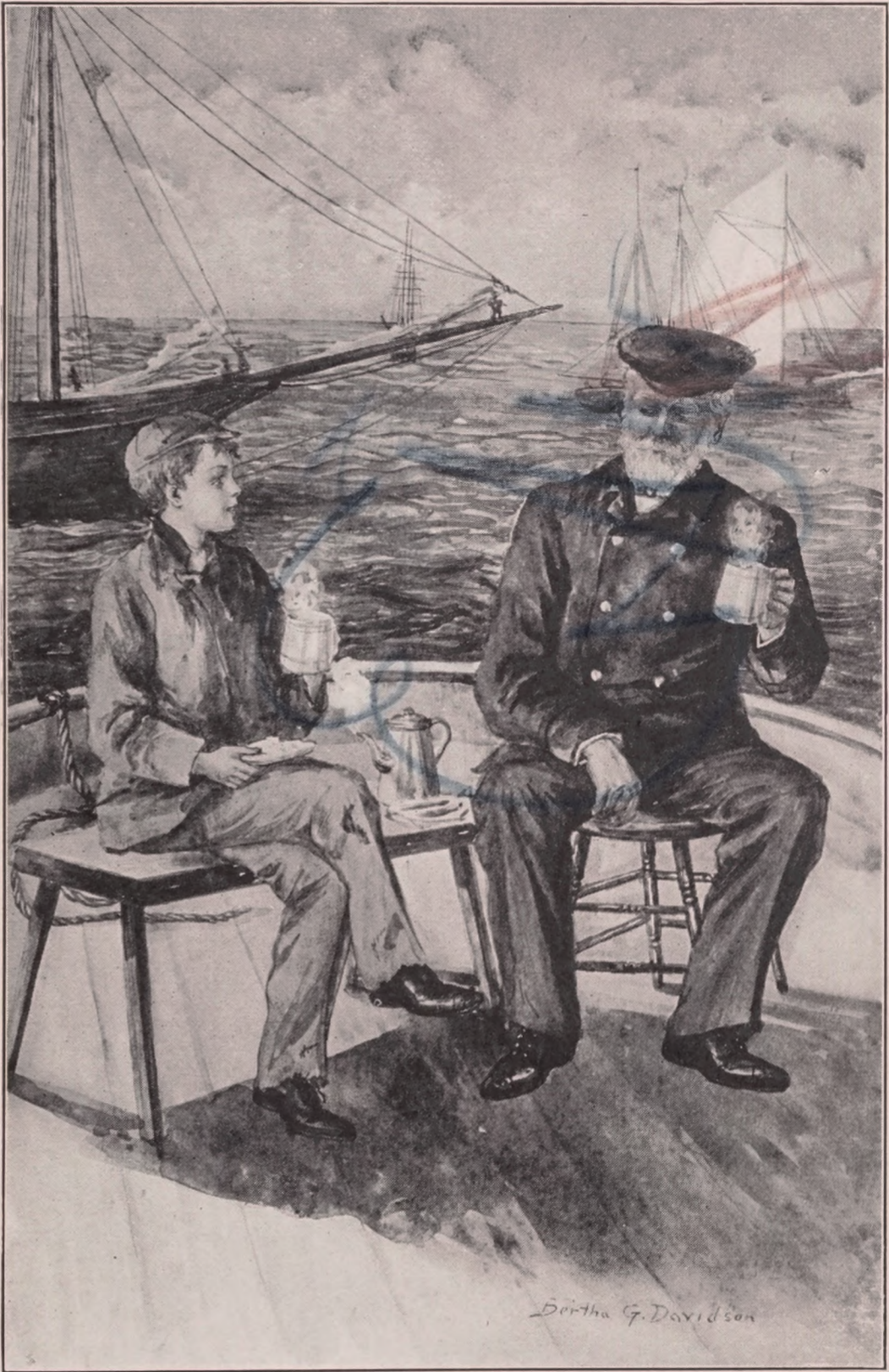
"And all the little boy's ears was a-listenin'," replied Tommy.

Mr. Frankfort smiled faintly, and went on:

"Once I was married, Tommy."

"You don't say!" the boy replied, without turning his head.

"Yes, I was married. 'Tisn't a very nice thing to confess, but after a little while I didn't like my wife very well."



“SEE HERE, TOMMY JOY, I’M GOING TO TELL YOU SOME-
THING”



"Poss'ble?" queried Tommy.

"Yes; fact was, she would scold all I could do. I tried every way to please her, but — well, she would scold, that's all there was about it. I felt pretty bad when she took sick, and if she'd 'a' listened to me she might be alive and well now, but when she wasn't very strong, off she would go to visit her sister, and the cold she took carried her off."

"Well, there was one good thing," Tommy said, consolingly; "she stopped scolding."

"Yes, so she did, boy, but I'd rather 'a' heard her scold than had her carried off that way. But there was a baby three months old, a little man-child, and for six months I cuddled the mite of a chap well. Oh, he had the best of care," argued the old wharfman, as if in self-comfort.

"Yes, indeed," he talked softly on, "I paid a good woman to look out for the little squirrel while I was away daytimes, and I never missed an evening or a night away from him the whole six months he stayed with me. And the

last three months the bit of a man knew me; think of that, Tommy! He knew me, and he'd crow and stretch out his soft little arms to come to me the minute he heard my voice come evening. Sundays I took him walking nearly all day long those last three months; it was summer, and fine in the public gardens.

"Then he kinder,"—Mr. Frankfort cleared his throat, — "he kinder began teething awful hard, and — and — no use telling it in too many words, but one night I went home, and there wasn't any little man-child any more.

"Now, you see, Tommy, if he'd 'a' lived, I certainly would had him go to school. And I tell you what, Tommy Joy, if you'll go to night-school reg'lar, I'll fix it so you can sleep nights in a nice little bunk I happen to know of on that pilot-boat over there. You see I'm getting to be a pretty old boy, I am, and I know that men, neither young nor old, can make the right kind of headway unless they have book-learning. I'd like to help you other ways, lad, but what with the business of the

dock, the lading and unloading, the clearing up and ordering things in general that an assistant wharfmaster must attend to, I sha'n't be able to do much extry for a good six months to come. Meantime, you could be learning your spelling, 'rithmetic, and geography, that is, if you take up school."

Tommy's mind worked rapidly, and, as Mr. Frankfort turned toward him, he said, rather reluctantly:

"I might be goin' to night-school, p'r'aps, only I wouldn't stand the other boys badgerin' me. Do you 'xpect they'd try it on?"

"No, oh, no, Tommy, the teachers are fine, and they don't stand much nonsense, I can tell you. If boys or girls can't behave themselves, out they go."

"What do they do to them?"

"Bounce them. Won't have them there. But them as goes to night-school generally goes to learn. Why, p'r'aps you don't know it, Tommy Joy, but grown-up boys and girls often go, feeling more ashamed of not know-

ing how to read and sign their names than they do of tending school after they're twenty or more. I call that having the right kind of pride, I do!"

"Yes, I 'xpect 'tis," agreed Tommy.

"Well," said Mr. Frankfort, closing his dinner-box with a snap, "if my bit of a man-child had stayed, I'd had him a scholar. I would if I'd 'a' dug stones for it; and, seeing I can't give advice to my own little chap, 'pears to me the next best thing I could do would be to try setting some other cub to doing the best he can for himself. You haven't got parents to help you along, and I've no man-child to look after. Pretty cur'ous how things go on in this world, but I reckon there's some other place where things gets evened up. Youngsters like you don't care for that kind of talk, but I suppose you'd just as lief begin going to school to-night, wouldn't you?"

"P'r'aps I better wait till next week," said Tommy.

"No, you don't!" returned the big man,

sharply. "I've business to attend to evenings part of the time. To-night I could go up to the school with you and sorter introduce you, but next week I might be in kingdom come, then you'd probably change your mind. I've got a pretty set idea that you could learn quick if you chose to, and, if I was you, I'd get able to take care of myself in first-class shape one of these days, and train with men, real men, the best sort —"

"Smart dickey, biled shirt, fancy trousers, and shiny shoes," interpolated Tommy.

"Yes, oh, yes, lad," went on good-natured Mr. Frankfort, "those are the outside things that go with good brains and such, but I would, I'd train with the best of men if I was you, and had most my whole life before me."

"All right, I'll go to-night," said Tommy.

"Then be here at seven o'clock plump. School goes in, I think, at fifteen minutes past."

"All right, I'll be here," repeated Tommy.

Then feeling the comfort of having had the bread and butter, off he started for a long trudge.

Active boys, with nothing particular to do, like to saunter off, often tramping miles in their deliberate rambles, and, although it was more than two miles from Merchant's Wharf to Dartmouth Avenue, Tommy Joy was in ample time to see Tommy Joyce as he sat quite like a little fashion-plate beside Jameson, holding the imported whip.

CHAPTER III.

THE NIGHT - SCHOOL

PROMPTLY at seven o'clock in the evening Tommy Joy presented himself at Merchant's Wharf. The child had made a piteous attempt at "slicking up," as he termed it. His face and hands were clean, his hair laid flat as a plaster to his head, while some of the more glaring spots had been rubbed from his clothes.

But by no possible effort could Tommy's jacket, shoes, or trousers be made to look really respectable, and the boy more than half knew it. As he trudged along beside his stalwart friend, he said, in what he endeavored to make an off-hand manner:

"You don't s'pose any those fash'n'ble jays

will be poking fun at me, do you? ” The idea still troubled him.

“ You won’t be likely to find them there. But supposing they did? Don’t you think there’s man enough about little Mister Joy to stand it? We have to stand lots of things first and last.”

“ Oh, I could tackle one feller easy enough I’ve a notion, but s’posen a batch of them took to tormentin’ me, what show would a lone star have then? ”

“ They won’t torment you, Tommy, if you behave right to them, leastwise, I don’t believe they will. But that’s just one reason why I thought I’d better come to-night. I shall see your teacher, and let him know you’re an urchin as has a friend who means to look after him. But I say again, you’ll find night-school isn’t made up of fash’n’ble young people, not by any means. There will be other young lads there too poor to wear fine clothes, or to care to see other youngsters wearing them. Just you mind your lessons and study away, and

there won't any one be allowed to disturb you."

"Hope to mercy I won't have a she-teacher!" said Tommy.

"Most likely you won't," was the hopeful reply, "but here we are at Cornhill Road, and that there building all of brick with stone trimmings is where they have the night-school."

Tommy looked surprised. He had had a vague idea that the school would be held in a shabby building and a side street. But here was a fine structure, businesslike in appearance, and standing midst other important-looking houses on a central street. Tommy's bright, keen eyes looked just a little worried as Mr. Frankfort pushed open the great outside door and entered a wide hall.

A man came forward, asking: "Please, sir, who would you like to see?"

"One of the primary teachers," Mr. Frankfort replied.

The janitor disappeared, and in a moment

a side door opened, and Tommy looked with instant admiration at the fine, alert face and tall figure of a well-dressed young man who stepped into the hall.

“Good evening, sir,” said the young teacher, holding out a cordial hand to the big man before him. Something of the sea may have lingered about the wharfman’s appearance, for the young man asked jovially:

“And is this a little fresh fish you have brought us to train?”

His dancing eyes seemed to take in all of Tommy at a glance, and Tommy smiled up into his face.

“Oh, my soul, yes, he’s fresh enough,” Mr. Frankfort replied, entirely at ease on the instant. “He’s so fresh you can begin with him just past the alphabet, though I believe he can read some. But I’m of opinion that Tommy Joy is a boy as could learn a good deal if he was a-mind to try. And, seeing as his father and mother are gone, and the little lad is all alone in the big world, and I haven’t either

man or woman child to look after, I sorter want Tommy to get ahead and be able to do for himself some day; I mean do something rather handsome. Nobody'd find the lad hard to manage, I don't believe."

"Shake hands," said the bright-eyed teacher, moving nearer to Tommy as Mr. Frankfort finished his speech, and at this tactful show of good comradeship Tommy felt all shyness slipping away.

"You see," Mr. Frankfort went on again, "the little chap was afraid the other boys might hector him to begin with, but I told him not to be afraid of that. I reckon when they find he lets them alone, they'll be all right."

"Oh, certainly," said the teacher, sobering; "we don't have much hectoring or teasing here. You show yourself a quiet, studious boy, Tommy Joy, and we'll see about any one who attempts to tease you."

A look stole into the teacher's eyes that poor, lawless Tommy thought was splendid, but that

he did not feel in the least afraid of. Then Mr. Frankfort sidled away, and Tommy followed the young man, who paused near the door to say:

“I am known here as Mr. Sudbury,” and the next thing Tommy looked around, seeing boys of all ages, from those some younger than himself to such as might be called young men. He was given a seat midway in the room, and immediately Mr. Sudbury wheeled a great blackboard forward on the platform, and began writing short sentences on it.

He did not appear to notice Tommy particularly, yet he knew when the boy repeated the words correctly. To his own surprise, Tommy found that he liked the lesson, and he was feeling genuine interest in it when a sharp prick in the back of his neck made him jump.

Mr. Sudbury had turned to add a word or two on the board just as the prick stung Tommy's neck. The boy gave a swift, angry look around, merely to see a stolid-looking

young fellow of about fifteen years gazing stupidly at the blackboard.

“Now,” said Mr. Sudbury, “I want to know what these words are which I have just written, but first, Sam Sibbel can go to the back of the room and sit in the corner chair.”

“Ain’t done nothin’,” muttered a surly voice directly back of Tommy.

“You will please move quickly!” said the master, sharply, and at the brisk command the stolid-faced boy at Tommy’s rear went shuffling off to the end of the long room.

After that the lesson proceeded quietly. Words of longer syllables were taken up, and sentences formed into paragraphs, and, forgetting the prick and his momentary anger, Tommy took keen pleasure in finding out how much and how little he knew.

When school ended, promptly at nine o’clock, Mr. Sudbury asked Tommy to remain a few moments. It did not escape the master’s notice that Sam Sibbel was hanging around, evidently with the intention of having it out

with the new pupil, whose angry jump had shown the teacher his mischievous act. As Sam slouched by the entry door, Mr. Sudbury called him back.

“ Sam,” he said, “ if there is any complaint of your conduct toward any pupil who comes here, either in the building or outside of it, I shall see your father at once, and make no effort to prevent whatever he sees fit to do. If he insists on your coming here, I shall insist on having good behavior.”

“ Ain’t goin’ to do anythin’,” said the sullen Sam, as he again left the room, and Tommy had no further trouble then or afterward from the big boy who evidently stood in wholesome fear of his father.

An examination lasting about ten minutes showed Mr. Sudbury how far Tommy’s few self-given lessons had brought him, and he encouraged the boy by assuring him that he already knew more than many lads much older than himself, and that, if he was willing to do some studying through the day, he saw

nothing to prevent his getting on rapidly and making fine headway.

“ I like it first-rate,” said Tommy, rather awkwardly, “ and if I had the books, I would study some daytimes.”

“ Very well,” Mr. Sudbury replied, “ after you have been here a week, I will lend you some books on my own account. I cannot lend these that belong to the school, but, when I see a lad willing to help himself, I am very glad to give him further help.”

“ That’s first-rate,” said Tommy, not really knowing just how to express himself, yet feeling pleased and grateful at the young master’s kind interest and offer of help.

Tommy had the pence with which to pay Mrs. Cullen for a lodging that night, and at half-past nine his jacket was hung on a peg, and he was swinging in a hammock, a brown blanket giving sufficient warmth.

The next morning he ran swiftly to Merchant’s Wharf. Mr. Frankfort was steeped in business affairs, several matters claiming

his attention at once, but he stopped to wave a welcome to the sprightly boy.

"See you in a minute!" he shouted, "but there's a stevedore must get some instructions first."

As usual, Tommy had to exercise patience, but, when Mr. Frankfort came rolling toward him, he exclaimed before his friend had a chance to ask a question:

"Oh, 'twas jolly! The master was just bully! He's goin' to lend me books after I get on a bit. And he spied a pike as was tryin' to guy me, and sent him spinnin' to the back of the room in no time. It's just great, night-school is, and Mr. Sudbury, he's a corker! Now I'm a-goin' to learn, I am, and if I can just get some decent clothes, I bet I can begin to get ahead pretty fast; teacher says I can."

Mr. Frankfort began in a voice full of sympathy and kindness, and speaking in a low, friendly tone:

"I guess if I was you, Tommy-boy, I

wouldn't say 'bully,' nor I wouldn't quite speak of a boy as a 'pike.' Seems to me Mr. Sudbury wouldn't just like it. You know I don't set up for any kind of a learned man, and goodness knows I don't want to, but when a lad begins to get schooling, he drops street talk, and begins to use nice words. It does me good to see you taking hold and liking your lessons. Whew! you'll learn enough to be President p'r'aps, if you stick to your books. Now come over to the tugboat, and I'll take you to Captain Swart. He's going to see that you have a bunk nights for the present, probably all summer. There may be some odd jobs you can pick up on the boat, but at any rate, Captain Swart has agreed to let you sleep aboard the *Peggy Lane* without pay. I did him some favors once on a time, now he's glad to favor me in turn. Come on, Tommy Joy."

CHAPTER IV.

A MEAN MAN

AT the foot of Bond Street, not far from Merchant's Wharf, were two down-town markets, and mornings it was Tommy's habit to visit first one, then the other, offering to do any errands that might be wanted, receiving in payment a few pennies or some food.

He had in very truth "kept himself," as he told Mr. Frankfort, for more than three years, ever since his aid as nurse and table-setter came to an end. Tommy was very keen on the scent for errands. Many the dime he had picked up by carrying bundles from market to ferry-house, and also by carrying packages for people who came down Bond Street, burdened and tired, on their way to the ferry.

Very little money had satisfied the boy's needs up to this time. If only he had the five cents which secured a hammock for the night at Mrs. Cullen's, and one full meal a day, he was satisfied. And Tommy also wanted plenty of time for hanging about the wharf, always a place of great attraction to the unwatched boy.

Yes, entirely unwatched, for no one on earth cared whence or when Tommy came or went; he was simply free to come and go like any other street waif, a goodly number of whom are to be found in every great city. Nor are these young waifs usually unhappy, for you see they have never known anything different from their own way of living, and cannot miss what they never had.

Tommy Joy knew almost nothing about a sheltered home, good clothing, or plenty of food, yet he had picked up some things in a natural, bright way. He had learned to read and spell a little just by making out the signs on buildings and the names of the river craft;

it also would have been pretty hard to have cheated Tommy in the matter of making change. He liked his free life, and, not being a bad or vicious boy, did not get into trouble. He did not really envy Tommy Joyce when he came upon him perched high beside his father's coachman, dressed in the finest of clothes.

But to-day it was a different Tommy Joy that ran up Bond Street from the one of yesterday. The former Tommy did not care whether he earned much or not; this new Tommy cared very much. True, they were one and the same boy in some respects, having the same dewy brown eyes, well-formed features, and the same little form, but the look and the manner of the Tommy of to-day showed that something new had come about, something that brought fresh ideas and an ambition unknown before into the careless, roving life.

And this had happened: Tommy had suddenly waked up and seen what a fine thing

it would be could he sometime become such a young man as Mr. Sudbury, — well-dressed, knowing, able to be over others either in the schoolroom or elsewhere.

He did not think this all out clearly, oh, dear, no, he only felt it in his young heart, yet there was one thing he did know and was perfectly sure of!

He wanted a decent suit of clothes, a new cap, and a pair of whole shoes. The suit might be a cheap one, the cap and shoes needn't cost much, but get these things he must, and as soon as he possibly could.

He had been with Mr. Frankfort early in the morning to the tugboat, where he was introduced to Captain Swart. Mr. Frankfort had seen the captain the previous evening, and explained his wish to secure a bunk for Tommy if one could be spared. The captain had been glad to do a favor for his friend.

“So this is the kid who is to sleep on the *Peggy Lane*, is it?” called the captain, who acted as pilot in towing vessels down-stream

or down the harbor. "Yes, yes, reckon I've seen him before. Sorter boarded around on the wharf for a season or two, haven't you, sonny?"

Tommy grinned, and the next moment Captain Swart called again: "Look out there! 'Fraid you'll have to cut short your morning call; yonder coal barge has got to be towed down river, and we're off soon as we get the tow-lines hitched good and taut. Bye, bye, little Joy. Hop aboard again when the stars come out. It's pretty cold outside yet, but the *Peggy* has a blanket or two in the locker."

Tommy liked the jolly voice of Captain Swart, as he went pounding about on the tow-boat, slipping in a word of command here, tightening a screw there, testing the steam power, and opening and shutting valves. As they left the boat, Mr. Frankfort said:

"Now then, march right on to the *Peggy Lane* to-night after your school's through, and they'll take care of you."

Then it was that the new Tommy marched

up Bond Street, eager for pennies and dimes. He had had no breakfast, and, knowing he could not travel far without having something to satisfy the cravings of a healthy, hungry boy, he went first to the market, asking if he could do an errand and so earn a breakfast.

“Well, now, see here,” shouted a new clerk, stepping out from a poultry stall, “did you say you wanted to do an errand, Mister Tatters?”

“Yes, I wanted to do an errand,” said Tommy, “but my name isn’t Tatters. I’m Tommy Joy, that’s who I am.” The boy spoke stoutly and with some dignity.

“Good for you, young Joy!” said the clerk, laughing at Tommy’s objection to being called names. “You see, I’d never been properly introduced before, but I want a gobbler to catch the next train out from across the ferry. Our boy seems uncommon slow this morning, but if I give you a big package, well tied and tagged, will you give it to the

baggage-master at the ferry station, and tell him it must go by the next train sure? ”

“ For certain I will,” said Tommy. “ Do him up quick, and off he goes.”

“ Oh, he’s all ready,” said the clerk, catching up a great paper bundle. “ You’ll have to hurry, boat goes in five minutes. Here you are, scuttle now; lose the train, and you lose your breakfast! ”

The voice of the clerk sounded distant to Tommy as he finished his directions, for the poor, miserable shoes of the street boy went clattering wildly along the pavement, as he flew toward the ferry-house only a block away. The distance was nothing; finding the busy baggage-master, and getting his promise that the great plucked bird should “ catch the next train ” was what took the swiftly passing moments. Yet Tommy raced from point to point, found him, insisted on telling his errand, and was assured the package should go on time.

Back at the market, breathless Tommy told

the clerk of his success, then waited with the usual patience for his well-earned "bite."

But people were hurrying in with orders, the clerk had to do up several packages for people to take with them, and, when at last there seemed to be a few moments of leisure, it appeared that he was forgotten. As the man stood leaning against a pillar, Tommy went up to him, and asked with quiet drolery:

"Say, Mister Man, haven't I had any breakfast yet?"

"Oh, my gracious!" exclaimed the clerk, "now I did come pretty near forgetting young Tommy Tatters and his little empty pouch, but I'll go right about getting him something to eat. Of course you won't expect much just for that short errand."

"I don't want any your old food," said Tommy, spunkily, "if you call me Tommy Tatters! I told you my name was Tommy Joy. I didn't call you Mister White-frock. I got better manners."

A roll of laughter from the next stall caused Tommy to look at a tall, lank man who had just appeared from beyond another pillar. "That's you, bub, give it to him," he cried. "He's so mighty fond of calling other folks names, it's high time somebody gave him a title of his own. 'Mister White-frock,' that will do very well!"

"Oh, come, Welch," returned the younger man, angrily, "you mind your own business and I'll mind mine. There, there's your pay," he added, thrusting a sausage from another stall into Tommy's hand.

The boy looked at his meagre breakfast as if half-inclined to throw it back again, but its spicy odor reached him. A raw sausage was something of a treat, he was getting very hungry, and it would do no good to show temper, and so come off with nothing at all.

He turned slowly away. The lank man stopped him.

"What errand did you do, bub, to get a whole sassage for it?" he asked.

"I carried a big turkey to the ferry."

"And nearly run your legs off, didn't you?"

"I ran pretty hard, but 'twas finding the baggage-master, and making him listen to me, was the worst, but I got him in time."

"What was you to have for it?"

"Some breakfast."

"And you got all that sassage! Don't you think that was ruther too much?"

Tommy looked into the long man's face. It was wrinkled and rough, but kind. "It'll do," he said; "I'm hungry."

"You hold on," said the man, who appeared to keep a variety of market food. "Just wriggle inside this stall, I want to preach a little sermon. 'Twon't take long, then you can eat your breakfast, your great, rich, magnificent breakfast!"

He bustled about, making up an order, as Tommy supposed. "I have to work pretty hard for what I earn myself," he began, "but when I see a little man that wants to earn a

meal of vittles, and does earn it fair and square, treated in a mean, small way, it just makes me afraid of the harm it may do that young boy to be used that way. You may be a poor boy, but whether you grow up poor or not depends upon yourself, and whether you grow up to be a mean man depends on yourself, too. But it's far worse to be mean than to be poor. Don't forget that. Don't do mean things while you're little, and you won't be likely to when you're grown up. Oh, how the Lord must despise a mean man! That's sermon enough for to-day. Now, here's a nibble for breakfast and dinner, too, p'r'aps. Good morning, Mister Tommy Joy, and good luck to you!"

Tommy was handed a paper bag full of something, he did not know what. "That is first-rate," he said, using the only expression he could think of, but his face showed the pleasure and gratitude he felt.

"Oh, no matter about the thanks," said Mr.

Welch. "What I'm partic'lar about is, don't ever be a mean man."

"No, sir!" said Tommy, with decision, as he bounded away.

CHAPTER V.

AN UNEXPECTED SAIL

TRUDGING back to Merchant's Wharf, Tommy kept thinking of Mr. Welch's little sermon. "He didn't exactly call that turkey feller mean," mused the boy, "but he said the Lord must despise a mean man, and he said it depended on me whether I was rich or poor when I grew up. All is, if that's true, I reckon I'll be rich, thank you! Now I wonder what I've got here?"

He looked with liking and longing at the well-filled bag in his hand, then he discovered something. The sausage was missing. Had he dropped it? Or did Mr. Welch slyly take it as he handed him the package?

Yes, it slipped into Mr. Welch's hand as he gave Tommy the paper bag. And, as the

boy left the market, he went to the poultry stall and said, blandly:

“Here’s the breakfast you gave that young Mr. Joy. He’s gone and left it, the whole of it. What shall I do?”

“Throw it away,” growled the clerk. Mr. Welch laid the sausage on the marble slab, as he said, very kindly:

“You know little chaps take lessons from their elders. I’d give the little snipe more than that the next time.”

The clerk did not answer, neither did he look angry.

Meantime, Tommy was making his way to a convenient corner of the wharf, where he knew of a tiny recess between two great piles. “Wonder what I’ve got here,” he asked again, with a chuckle of expectation, and, seating himself in the sheltered place where he could eat without being disturbed. “What richness!” he exclaimed, on peering into the paper bag.

It contained six inches of Bologna sausage,

at sight of which Tommy uttered a rapturous "Schre-ee!" three russet apples, four small white turnips, two plump bananas, and a thick slice of pressed beef.

Tommy picked at the beef as if unable to let it alone. Anything in the way of cooked meat was a kind of food he very seldom tasted, and a third of the very generous slice had disappeared almost before he knew it.

"Well, in all my fash'n'ble experience, I never got hold of the beat of that!" he muttered.

Then, with his rickety jack-knife, he pared a turnip, finding it crisp, tender, and a lovely relish.

Of course the kind of breakfast the market would furnish all ready for eating would be quite different from what would be prepared in a mother's kitchen, but to a growing boy, who often was glad to get a half-spoiled banana or a couple of oranges squashy on one side, and make such things answer for a meal, the food in the paper bag was made up of

luxuries, and delighted the eyes and the taste of the hungry street boy.

"Breakfast and dinner for two days," chirped Tommy, as he proceeded to hide what was left until night, when he meant to take it with him to the *Peggy Lane*, concealing it somewhere about his bunk.

After that he ran pretty well up Bond Street to watch for heavily laden men or women. His first chance at earning something was when a fleshy woman came along, bundles in her arms, also a heavy child, while another child dragged at her skirts.

"Take your bundles, marm, only ten cents to the ferry," piped Tommy.

"Here, carry this young one," said the woman, "and I'll give you ten cents."

"It's pretty far to carry a heavy baby," argued Tommy. "Take your bundles for ten cents, baby fifteen cents."

"You're a terrible sharp one," said the woman, crossly, "but my arms are broke

carrying the bundles and a child. Here, take the baby, and I'll give the fifteen cents."

Tommy did not like that kind of a bundle. But his practice with the Tucker baby had taught him how to manage a small child, so he tucked the chubby baby over his shoulder and trotted along, glad that no one seemed to notice him particularly. It was indeed quite a long trudge to the ferry, where the woman insisted on his taking the child to the boat's edge. There she paid him.

Well pleased, back to his post raced the boy, and was just in time to serve a man who came puffing along, a valise in one hand, a suit-case and umbrella in the other.

A quarter looked like the beginning of better things for Tommy, and so afraid he felt lest the money might in some way get away from him that he hurried over to Commerce Street, where he bought a really spruce, well-fitting cap. His luck, as he called it, was excellent all day, for at night he had thirty cents toward a suit of clothes, besides the posses-

sion of the cap. Five journeys to the ferry, one at fifteen cents, was unusual success.

Had Tommy known more, he would have seen that his own perseverance rather than luck was what had brought the welcome dimes.

His second night at school pleased him still more than had the first. Sam Sibbel did not notice him, Mr. Sudbury taught in a simple, straightforward way that any attentive pupil could understand, and it was a very hopeful, contented boy that, paper bag in hand, marched aboard the tugboat *Peggy Lane* at about quarter-past nine.

The hammock at Mrs. Cullen's had not been uncomfortable, yet the room was always stuffy, with so many sleeping in it, and more than once Tommy had nearly fallen out of the small, swinging bed. But in the firm, snug bunk, the yellow cotton sheets felt very fine and soft to his spare little body, and heavy gray blankets gave lovely warmth. There was an abundance of cold air about, but, rolled

in the thick blankets, the boy slept so soundly that the first thing he heard after falling asleep was:

“Well, well, well, bless my stars! Here we’ve been steaming it down-stream for fifteen minutes, and the Joy rabbit just opening his eyes!”

Tommy giggled, gave one beautiful great stretch from fingers to toes, with arms way above his head, and sprang out of bed. The puffing from the smoke-stack made him look about in wonder.

“My sakes, we ain’t really going, are we?” he cried.

“Looks like it,” said Captain Swart. “Better come out of this dainty cabin, and peep about for yourself.”

Tommy was outside in a minute. On the rude deck he stood bewildered. Picking her way swiftly and safely midst other water craft, the *Peggy Lane*, with great sputtering and blowing, was scuttling along, a high-floating schooner in tow. The men on her more ample

deck seemed amused at watching the somewhat stately ship clipping along beside the nervous, spunky little tug.

"Might go below and have a wash," said Captain Swart, as Tommy, wide-eyed and full of interest, took in the sparkling scene.

"Didn't know there was any 'below,'" grinned Tommy.

"Well, for the sake of style we call it below, round the other side of the cabin," the captain replied. "There's a tin basin and a clean towel there. Once in awhile we amuse ourselves by washing our faces aboard the *Peggy*, and, as we sometimes make a pretty long trip of it down and back, we keep a box of crackers somewheres. Been known to make a pot of very passable coffee on board, but didn't this morning."

"Oh, I've got some breakfast," said Tommy, beaming on the busy man, for all the time Captain Swart kept giving orders and keeping a sharp outlook that all went well. At Tommy's remark, he sung out:

“ Brought the kitchen along, hey? That’s lucky; broiled chicken, fried eggs, and such? ”

Tommy chuckled. “ No, but some first-rate Blo’ny sausage I earned doing an errant,” he added, proudly, “ and an apple and a dandy little turnip.”

“ My stars! ” exclaimed the captain, “ now I call that living high! Come now,” he added, “ I had breakfast pretty early, and your bill of fare makes me hungry. P’r’aps we’ll strike up a bargain; you give me a piece of your Bologna, and I’ll bring out some ship crackers and have a cup of coffee made. There won’t be any cream in the coffee, nor I sha’n’t give it overstrong to a man of your years, but it’ll be nice and sweet, hot and tasty. Is it a bargain? ”

“ You could have the sausage without giving anything for it,” said Tommy, not wanting to be “ mean,” “ and it’s awful nice having that bunk without paying for it.”

“ That’s fixed all right,” replied the captain.

“ Peter Frankfort got that berth for you, and very glad I was to have the time come when I could do something to accommodate him. He gave me a lift once when I wanted a mate’s place aboard a fine sailing-vessel. I got the job, and had a chance at sharing some of the profits of the cargo.

“ Now I more than half own the *Peggy Lane*, and an extry good boat she is, too. You don’t find such a wide cabin and good places to sleep on many tugs. But hop over, wash up, then fetch on your rich sausage, and we’ll soon have the coffee boiling. Hope your lordship won’t scorn drinking out of a mug, — a pewter one, at that.”

Tommy always grinned broadly when he was pleased but didn’t know just what to say, so it was a sunny-faced boy that found his way to a side of the cabin, where, assisted by a grimy “ hand,” or deck-hand, he discovered the basin and towel, and enjoyed a nice little wash. Then he found what remained of the

sausage, and on a narrow bench waited for the coffee to be ready.

It did not seem long before Captain Swart, seated on a rough three-legged stool, the coffee-pot on an end of the bench, served sea biscuit, or "pilot-bread," and a fine, steaming drink to the hungry boy.

Tommy did not soon forget that breakfast. It lingered in his mind, a very unexpected and happy event; the tug cutting through the water like a living thing, the waves foaming and shimmering close to the low deck, a big mug of satisfying drink, the sweet biscuit it was a new pleasure to crunch, and the highly seasoned sausage to lend its appetizing flavor. What enjoyment!

True, he was earning no money; the longed-for suit of clothes would be a little longer in coming, yet, boy as he was, Tommy had the feeling in his heart that money did not buy all the good things in the world, and that when a real pleasure was put in one's way, the best thing to do was to enjoy it to the full.

CHAPTER VI.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT

EVERY time that Tommy went to school, he grew more anxious to get the clothes it was taking so long to earn. He had asked Captain Swart if there was not something he could do on the tug to bring in a few pennies, but the captain said no.

“Just takes a few hands that understand the business,” he explained, “and no more.”

But he showed Tommy how to make his bed neat, or “spread his bunk,” as he called it, also how to keep the small space surrounding it perfectly tidy. But poor Tommy had seen that he was the most shabbily dressed of all Mr. Sudbury’s pupils, and it nearly discouraged him.

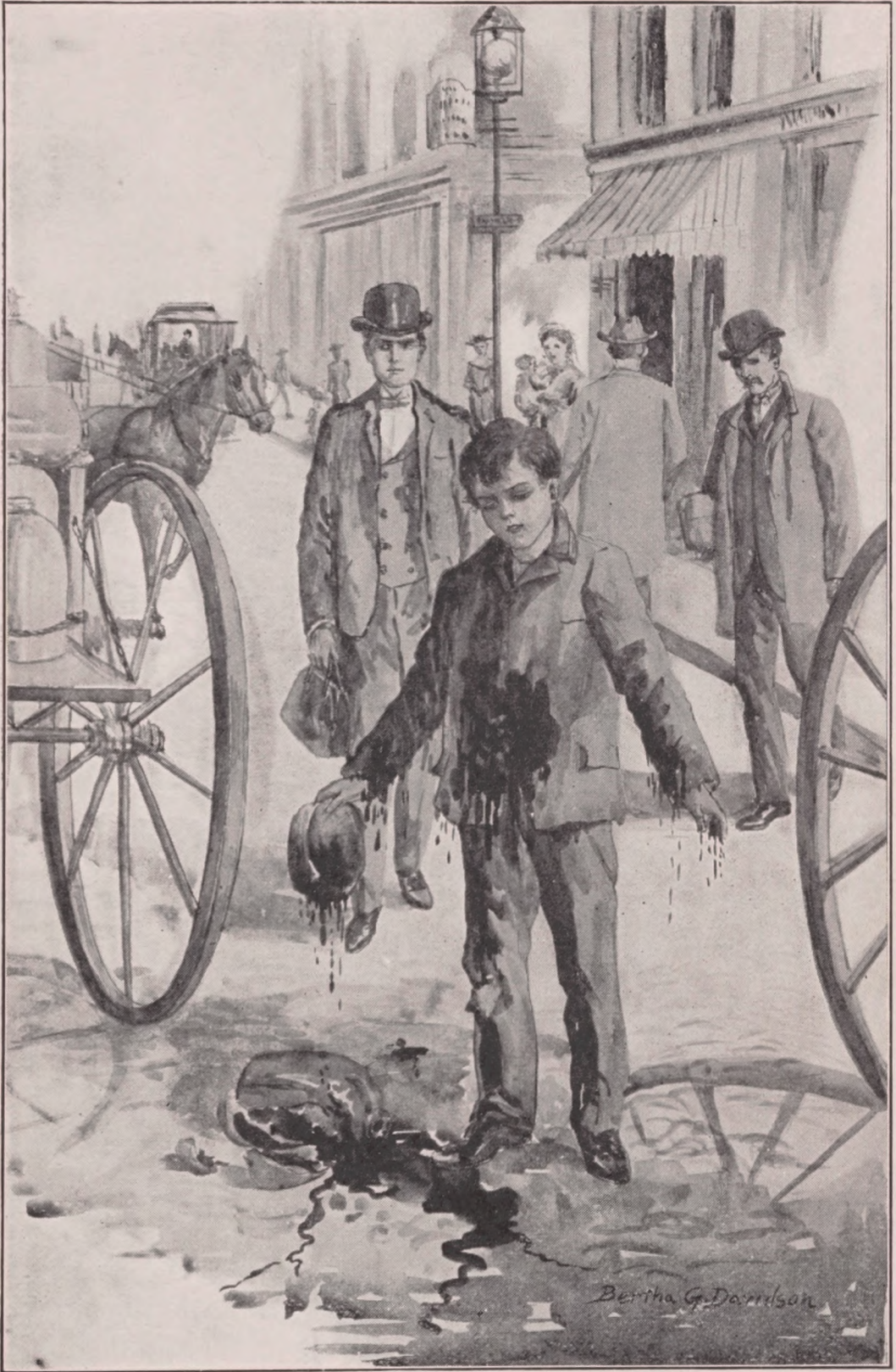
Yet, he was finding out some things about

himself he had not known before. One excellent thing, far better than Tommy realized, was that, after he had made up his mind to do anything, he could not easily give it up. This is a splendid trait for any young person to possess, if only what they want to do is something worth while.

Mr. Frankfort would gladly have helped the boy further but for two reasons. First, he was a poor man himself, and then he did not know how badly Tommy was feeling about his clothes.

To his credit be it told, however, Tommy had been so active and persevering that, at the end of nearly two weeks of school-going, he had "two whole dollars" he proudly assured himself toward the coveted suit. Then something happened that appeared like a great misfortune, but sometimes an accident that at first looks like a great disaster turns out to have been a very fortunate thing, after all.

One morning the boy stationed himself at the head of the slip at the ferry-house, hoping



“COVERING POOR TOMMY WITH A STICKY OIL THAT SMELT
ABOMINABLY”

for a chance to help some one with luggage. Business had been so slack on Bond Street for a day or two past, he thought he would try a new stand.

Most of you know what a crowd there is on the in-coming ferry-boat in the morning, especially when connected with a railroad train, and even the street boy, used as he is to a jam of people, must dart spryly about to avoid getting in the way.

Tommy was wisely keeping to the outside of the walk, when a truck, heavily loaded with great jars, gave a violent jounce close by the boy, and down slipped a jar from under the cording, struck the edge of the truck, going into a dozen pieces, and covering poor Tommy with a sticky oil that smelt abominably.

The boy looked down and saw himself outwardly a total wreck, while some of the people were thoughtless enough to break into loud laughter. But there was one person who did not laugh; that was a trim-looking young

fellow, sharp, alert, who thought pityingly what a shame it was that the ragged child should be smirched with that ill-smelling oil.

Tommy's first thought was of the night-school, and, as he started off, wanting to get out of sight of the laughing crowd, he did not notice that he was keeping near the great truck from which the oil had fallen. Tears were in the eyes of the forlorn boy, and it might have been that he did not see clearly as usual, for, as he attempted to cross the street, a man sitting beside the driver of the truck sung out:

"Clear out there, ragamuffin! What you trying to do? Isn't the dose of oil you've had enough, but you must try to get run over?"

Now it chanced that the wide-awake young fellow, who had not laughed with the crowd, had also kept pace with the big team, and, as the boy stepped back, he saw him brush the tears from his eyes.

"See here," he called sharply to the man who had yelled at Tommy, "aren't you ashamed to speak to a boy in that way after

ruining every stitch the child has on! Why wasn't your rank old oil-jug fastened securely, instead of being left to roll off in that fashion?

"Come on, lad," he called hastily to Tommy, as he kept up with the truck. Then he shouted up at the man again:

"If you'd spoiled the clothes of any man coming off the boat as you did this boy's, you'd have paid for it, you know that as well as I do, and, by jingo! you shall pay for this urchin's clothes, too. I'll call at the place where this truck hails from; there's the name plain enough on the side, and I'll make it my next business to see that the poor little fellow recovers damages."

The man beside the driver ordered him to stop.

"You needn't mind making a fuss about nothing," he said, testily. "Of course I didn't mean to spoil the youngster's clothes, and they were spoiled a-ready. But I'm willing to do what's fair."

"That's lucky," said the young man, laughingly, "seeing you'll have to once I tell my little story. I saw the whole thing. Whoever packed that wagon is responsible for this small chap's appearance. The fact of his being poorly clothed to begin with has nothing to do with it, unless to make the accident all the worse."

Tommy and his new friend were standing beside the heavy truck, but the fearless manner and determined speech of the young fellow were not at all to the liking of the man to whom he spoke.

"What do you suppose the boy's clothes are worth?" asked the man.

"Don't know," was the reply. "We can talk that over at headquarters."

He meant that he was going to see the men who owned the truck and sent out the oil, the men who hired the man sitting beside the driver. Both men had been obliged to raise their voices to a shout in order to be heard in the noisy street. But, as the young man

was about to move on, the one on the truck jumped to the pavement.

“Hold on!” he began. “I confess that jar shouldn’t have bounced off as it did, but we loaded in a tremendous hurry this morning. I’m sorry for every moment I lose over this affair. But I’ve got a wife and two children, and I’m not a bad sort, after all, if I did sing out pretty rough to this boy. And I don’t want any complaints made at the store. The boss there is a hot-headed, quick-spoken man, and he might make it mighty unpleasant for me and my family. I’d rather pay a fair rate for the mischief done. What do you think would cover it?”

The man’s face wore a look of anxiety as he drew a leathern purse from a deep pocket.

“I don’t want to be harsh or unfair,” said the young man, in a frank, friendlier tone, “but just take a look at that boy!” Then turning toward Tommy, he asked:

“Have you better clothes at home, Mister Boy?”

“No, these are all I got,” answered Tommy, “and I can’t go to night-school in them this way. I been saving money I earned doing errands to get me a suit, and I’ve got two dollars toward it.”

“Suppose I give you two more,” asked the man, “think you could get a decent rig for it all?”

“Oh, yes, four dollars would fix me out fine!” And Tommy grinned at the fair prospect.

“All right, here’s your two. Now I hope you think I’ve done the fair thing all round,” the man added.

“You are getting off easy,” said the young man. “I have no wish to make a fuss, but it was not ‘about nothing,’ as you said a moment ago. I recommend that the next time you pack such smelling stuff as that, you see that it is stuck on too tight to roll off, and—good morning to you.”

The man jumped to his seat beside the

driver, and the truck clattered off. The young man looked Tommy over.

“That was first-rate,” said the boy, while his face showed the gratitude and pleasure he expressed so crudely.

It generally follows that if we befriend any one, or show any one a kindness, we feel an interest in the person right away, especially if it be a stranger. The trim young man who had seen Tommy righted did not care particularly for the street boy when he saw the accident, but his love of justice and decent treatment for everybody would not admit of his hearing the poor boy “hollered” at and roughly ordered about, after what had happened through the man’s carelessness, without taking his part.

Now, as he looked at Tommy more closely, he noticed what clear, dark eyes he had, what good features, and how agile was the form so miserably clad.

“So you go to night-school, Mister Boy. Why not to day-school?”

"Have to do errands and earn money day-times."

"And doesn't the father earn money to help along? "

"Pappy lit off when I was only two," Tommy replied, in the language of the street, "and mammy went when I reckon I was about five. I tended a baby and helped in house-work till I got old enough to do errands. Since then I've took care of myself. A man that got me a bunk to sleep in nights on a tug-boat wanted me to go to night-school, so I go. I like it. I like my teacher, too."

"That speaks well for you, Mister Boy. Keep right on with school. You'll need all you can learn a little further on. I'm going to say good-by now, but first, here's another dollar for you to invest in shoes. Give four dollars for your suit; anything cheaper will not serve you as well. Farewell, Mister Boy, study hard and sleep sweet!"

Tommy wished the breezy young man had stopped while he said how "first-rate" he

thought he had been. But he had whisked away immediately after laying a great shining silver dollar on the boy's arm. Tommy looked at it doubtfully, and it showed that he had the right kind of feeling about some things as he muttered:

"Wisht I'd earned it! 'Twas all right making that oil feller pay me something, but a whole great dollar without doing anything for it, — wisht I'd earned it."

Yet the next instant Tommy gave a jubilant leap into the air. Why, it was almost too good to be true. He, Tommy Joy, had five whole dollars of his own! He could go to school that very evening in a brand-new outfit, shoes and all. "I'll be the dandy of the whole school-room!" he chuckled. Off he raced, hoping to get back to the towboat before it left the wharf. His precious two dollars, all in ten or five cent pieces, were tucked in a corner of his bunk under the clothes.

Steam was puffing from the funnel of the *Peggy Lane* as the panting boy reached the

wharf, but he rushed on deck, and, seeing Captain Swart, he said, breathlessly, that he wanted to get something out of his bunk.

"Well, you've no need to kill yourself hurrying," the captain replied. "We don't start for ten or fifteen minutes yet. Creation!" he added, "what's got your rigging?"

"I had some oil spilt over me," Tommy answered, "but I'm goin' to get some better clothes. I've got the money."

"Where are you going for them?" asked the captain.

Tommy grinned. "I'd go to some of the big stores up-town if I didn't look so like the leavings of a busted oil fact'ry," he said. "I reckon they have some cheap suits."

"I'll tell you where to go," said Captain Swart. "Do you mind that great clothing house on Commerce Street, way up by Spruce?"

"Yes, know just where 'tis."

"All right, you march right up there, and ask to see Mr. Smart. Tell him Captain

Swart of Merchant's Wharf sent you, then tell him just what you can give for a suit of good woollen clothes. He'll fix you all right; he's honest."

"That's first-rate," said Tommy, and off he started.

CHAPTER VII.

GETTING DRESSED

AT the great clothing house, a clerk treated the sticky-looking boy both kindly and politely, showed him where to find Mr. Smart, and directed him to a seat, for Mr. Smart was having a sober talk with a gentleman, and said to Tommy:

“I will attend to you in a moment, young man.”

On a form close by lay a fine-looking suit of clothes, with a beautiful crease down the front of the little trousers, a regular vest, and a lovely round jacket with pockets and stitchings galore, all so perfect looking that Tommy thought how grand it must be to own such a suit as that.

After a time, the gentleman turned away, and Tommy heard Mr. Smart say:

“Of course we’ll make it all right, sir.” Then he turned to the waiting boy.

“Well now, colonel, what can I do for you?”

Tommy’s cheeks showed decided dimples, as he answered bravely and to the point:

“I got oil spilt all over my clothes. They warn’t good before, but now they’re horrid. I’ve been saving up to buy a suit. I can pay four dollars for it. Captain Swart of Merchant’s Wharf told me to come here and ask for you. He said you’d treat me honest.”

“Ah, you’ve told the story in a nutshell, as we say,” Mr. Smart replied, his pleasant eyes twinkling. “That is, you’ve made everything clear without wasting any words. Always do that, my boy; tell your story right off, no shilly-shallying, and you’ll get along all the better. Now come this way, please.”

He started off in another direction, but all at once stopped, looked around thoughtfully,

then went back to the form where lay the clothes that Tommy had admired.

“It looks to me,” he began, slowly, “as if a lucky star might have sent you here this morning. Here is a suit, cost eight dollars, made for a chap some older than you, with long trousers, but you won’t mind that. I see you have on long breeches now; saves more expensive stockings. By some strange accident, the lining in all three of these pieces is discolored. There! you see the inside twill has a damaged look, but the cloth is all wool, neither heavy nor very light, and is of a little mixed pattern that won’t show spots.

“Seeing it’s you, if the things fit, you may have them for four dollars, exactly half price. They’ll last till you outgrow them, and the linings won’t show. Think they’ll suit, general?”

“Too good!” gasped Tommy, his eyes like moons.

“Never think anything too good if it is appropriate,” said Mr. Smart. “Consider

yourself far better than your clothes. These are sensible, sober garments, just what you need. Now then, I'll put you in a cubby where you can try the suit on. I think," he added, "I had better help get them on the first time, then you will know just how to manage after that."

"The rest of my clothes isn't bloomin' roses," said Tommy, with a confused little grin.

"Oh, no matter about that," Mr. Smart said, breezily, as he led Tommy away.

But when he saw that a slouchy gray calico lining taken from some old sack was Tommy's only underwear, the man's kind heart was touched.

"Bless my soul!" he said, briskly, "I've just remembered about a couple of undervests and tights to match that got so mussed up with handling we didn't know what to do with them. I'll throw them in, and be glad to. Four dollars is considerable to pay for a suit, come to think it over."

When the new, clean, well-fitting garments were all on, Tommy was placed before a long mirror for self-inspection. His grin was sublime. "Folks'll think I'm the gov'nor," he piped.

"No reason why you shouldn't be governor, or even President, one of these days, if you only fit yourself to be," Mr. Smart replied, his cheery, kindly manner doing poor Tommy a world of good. For, with all his wide smile, there had been a tremble in his voice, as if he felt half-inclined to cry. Possibly some sensitive chord was touched when he saw himself, for the first time in his life, a well-dressed boy, — dressed as perhaps he all at once felt he ought to have been years ago.

"I've got a dollar left to buy some shoes," confided Tommy, then brightening gleefully, he added: "When I get those on, I'll be fit to train with the mil'tary."

"All right; I'll look for you on parade-day," called Mr. Smart, "and drop in again, comrade, when you need a new overcoat."

He held up his hand edgewise against the side of his face, in a military salute, and bowed himself out of sight.

Tommy trotted away in the direction of a shoe store he knew of, the silver dollar in one of his new pockets. He felt as happy as a king. Mr. Smart had made a neat bundle of his old clothes, saying they might come in use for something or other. But Tommy wanted to be rid of them. He could not help casting satisfied looks at his nice clothes as he hurried along.

“I believe I’ll run back to the wharf,” he muttered, “and do something with these old things before I get my shoes.” And back he got just in time to see Mr. Frankfort lumbering along near the top of the wharf. At sight of Tommy, he stopped short and sung out:

“Look lively there, mate! Where gott’s ye that surprising show of dry goods?”

“Oh, Mr. Frankfort,” cried Tommy, “do stop and let me tell you what happened!” But the answer was called back:

“It’s just an hour to lunch-time, Mister Joy, and then I’ll sit down with you, and hand over a plump doughnut besides, but duty and business first, my boy.”

So Tommy good-naturedly hid the bundle between the piles, thinking he might throw it overboard at night, then, as there would be plenty of time to get his new shoes within the hour, off he started for Commerce Street again.

He was greatly disappointed at finding that the lowest price for shoes that would fit him at the large store where he went was a dollar and twenty-five cents. But the “shoe-man,” seeing his downcast air, and finding the lad had but a dollar, found a pair he said he could have. And a very good pair of shoes they were that Tommy got in exchange for his big silver dollar.

Then off he sped for the wharf. All he owned in the world was the suit of clothes on his back, the cap on his head, and the shoes on his feet. He wore no socks, and did not

think he needed any. Neither did he own a handkerchief, but he knew of no need for that, either. His heart was light as a feather. He was to have a doughnut for lunch, and a snug little bunk was waiting for him at night.

“Think I’m gettin’ to be a real swell kind,” chuckled Tommy.

At noon Mr. Frankfort paid silent attention while Tommy told all about the spilling of the oil, the young man who had seen justice done, the splendid bargain at Mr. Smart’s, and his new shoes. “And Mr. Smart,” Tommy added, “he said there wasn’t any reason why I couldn’t be gov’nor or President some day if I got fit.”

When Mr. Frankfort spoke it was soberly and thoughtfully:

“Now is the time, Tommy boy, for you to make up your mind what class of mankind you like best, and which you’d rather belong to. There’s the mean, selfish kind and the friendly, helpful kind.”

“I’m goin’ to be friendly and try to help,”

Tommy hurried to say. "There was a mean man at market, one day, I don't want to be like. And that oil feller would 'a' been awful mean if he could. But Mr. Welch was kind, and Mr. Sudbury helps me just beautiful. Mr. Smart was kind, Captain Swart is real good; oh, but that dandy young man that made the oil feller pay up was great! He was dressed amazin'," almost whispered Tommy. "Had on shiny cuffs, shiny shoes, and a gold ring, but he wasn't a dude-thing. Oh, I hate a dude-thing!"

"Well, now, just what did you think of him?" asked Mr. Frankfort, and he spoke so earnestly that Tommy replied with off-hand candor:

"Oh, he'd always had them, all those nice clothes, I mean. He had a rich daddy and a bang-up home, and — and he'd had schoolin' right from the start. I see it in the way he walked and the way he talked, and the way he kept from getting mad, and yet made that oil fellow mind him. I reckon he was born

rich; yes, that's it, I think he was born rich."

Tommy was quiet for a moment after that, but, as he tucked the last sweet morsel of the plump doughnut into his mouth, he looked up and said with eagerness:

"And Mr. Frankfort, you're an awful good, nice man, too. You're — *you're* first-rate!"

That was the climax. Tommy knew nothing more expressive of approval to say of anything or any one than that.

Mr. Frankfort still spoke soberly: "I'm right glad to hear you say that, Tommy Joy, but there's some things you know and feel just as plain as I do. I didn't have much of any schoolin' when a lad, and it's hampered me. I mean it's kept me in a narrow place all my life, hindered me from climbing up in the way I'd 'a' liked to. I'd ruther be something better than assistant dock-master, although it means good, honest labor. No reason why you shouldn't wear good clothes

when you get older, though, far as I can see. Those things don't make a man, but they count!"

"'Cordin' to the feller as wears them," sagely observed Tommy, "and o' course you mean there must be learnin' to match."

"That's as true as you're born, little Mister Joy!"

Both were silent and sat gazing across the water, until Tommy made a movement and looked down at his little brown paws.

"Yes, sir!" he said, with emphasis, "one of these days I'm goin' to wear a gold ring and a watch and clothes that fit amazin', but I ain't goin' to be a dude-thing; I'm goin' to be a man!"

Mr. Frankfort gave the boy a sounding slap on the back. "God bless you, man-child!" he said.

And Tommy wondered what made his voice sound so thick and funny.

"Sorter husky, like a cold," the boy told himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STORMY MORNING

BREAKFAST was ready in one of the finest mansions on Beacon Road. The table was spread with plenty of silver, cut glass, and the daintiest of linen. A gentleman, lady, and their young son were about to sit down. A man servant in white jacket and neat black clothes stood ready to wait upon them.

"Master Tommy," said the waiter, "will you have oatmeal and cream first, or will you have beefsteak and omelet right away?"

Ah, this was Tommy Joyce, come to look at him, but was it not rather strange that he should be the first one asked what he would have, and his parents present?

Well, perhaps there were reasons why his

parents were very willing to have him served first of all.

Tommy, however, replied, in a lordly tone:

"I don't want any oatmeal stuff, nor beef-steak nor omelet. I just want cakes and maple syrup. I won't eat anything else."

"Don't speak in that way," said Mr. Joyce. "Be a young gentleman, and speak properly."

Mrs. Joyce said nothing, and Tommy appeared to take no notice of his father's words. Robert meantime had gone to the kitchen for cakes, and Mrs. Joyce began pouring coffee from the silver urn.

Back came Robert. "There's no cakes this morning, Master Tommy. Cook says will you have some shredded wheat?"

"No," screamed the boy. "I want cakes. Tell her to get cakes made quick. I won't eat anything else!"

"If you speak in that way, you won't have anything," Mr. Joyce said again.

"Don't get him nervous," Mrs. Joyce said,

in an undertone, and she looked troubled and anxious.

Robert returned from the kitchen again. "Cook says as there's no buckwheat riz and no sour milk, and she can't make cakes this morning."

Back went Tommy's head against the chair, his face puckered ridiculously, sure signs of a coming screaming spell.

"Oh, come, Tommy dear," coaxed his mother, "be our good boy, and have one of these beautiful muffins and a nice, rich cup of coffee. Father doesn't like to hear you cry, so sit up like a man and have some coffee. You know how you like it."

For answer Tommy broke into a loud cry, at the same time kicking his heels against the rung of his chair.

"You stop that right away," said his father, sternly; "if you don't, I'll make you."

Tommy opened his eyes and stared at his father in blank surprise.

"I mean it, Tommy. I've stood this non-

sense of your bawling like a great baby every time anything displeases you, till now I mean to break it up. Sit up and behave yourself properly, or else get up and leave the table."

Tommy glanced at his mother and caught the look of concern in her eyes. Oh, no, his father would never dare begin trying to make him mind. He was just pretending.

Then he roared in earnest, and kept screaming out: "I want some cakes! I want some cakes!"

Up got Mr. Joyce and laid down his napkin. "Open the door, Robert," he commanded.

Robert obeyed with alacrity. Mr. Joyce took the screaming boy in his arms, and carried him over the stairs, Tommy still screaming, struggling, and kicking. Mrs. Joyce started after him, and kept repeating, in half-scared tones: "What are you going to do? What are you going to do?"

Robert went to the kitchen, bent double with laughter, and holding on to his sides.



Bertha G. Davidson

“MR. JOYCE TOOK THE SCREAMING BOY”

“Oh, cracky!” he gasped, “I do b’lieve master’s goin’ to give that young whelp a good lickin’, and she a-pesterin’ of him to know, ‘What you goin’ to do! What you goin’ to do!’ The great dickens, but I wish he’d lay it on well! This house ain’t anythin’ but a bedlam place with that young limb a-kicking up Cæsar the whole blessed time.”

“Boy isn’t to blame,” said Jameson, the coachman. “Most any youngling would be willin’ to rule all hands an he thought he could. ’Tis master and meestress have got his behavin’ to answer for. An’ I’m thinkin’ master is settin’ out for the upper hand. I’m wishin’ he might get it and keep it, but he’s begun o’er late, o’er late!”

“Didn’t he sass me yes’day ’bout the last cakes I was makin’,” began the cook, her face red and angry at the recollection. “I jus’ says to meself, says I, ‘You wait, Master Sass-box, and let’s see the cakes you’ll be gettin’ to-morrer mornin’!’ I wouldn’t ’a’ made the baggage a cake not if Mis’ Joyce had ’a’ come

and dismissed me on the spot. Indeed and I wouldn't!"

"Ain't altogether a bad boy, either," again put in the loyal Jameson. "Only wants the trainin' the good Lorrd means ev'ry born bairn that cooms into a hoose shall have. I'm thinkin' it's a pity a fine man like master should make one great mistake, a verra great mistake it is!"

"P'r'aps he's turnin' over a new leaf, and high time, too," remarked Robert. "Listen to that, will you!" And the waiter rolled his eyes as if in dismay at a series of muffled screams and howls that came from somewhere up-stairs.

"Well, I guess he's a-ketchin' of it now!" said cook.

Yet not a hand had been laid upon Tommy Joyce, except that his father had put him into a closet in the upper hall, locked the door, and left him to scream to his heart's content. There was a window high up in the closet, so Tommy was not in the dark, but Mr. Joyce

had slipped the key into his pocket, as he was determined that once at least he would conquer the wilful boy.

In his room he found his wife rocking excitedly to and fro in a low, easy chair.

"How long are you going to keep poor little Tommy locked up in that stifling place?" she asked, shortly.

"Now, wife, do let's have a little sensible talk about our boy," Mr. Joyce replied. "That closet is not stifling at all, and it won't harm Tommy if he stays there all the morning. I am beginning to feel it is a sin and a shame to allow any child to go on as Tommy does. And I am getting so that I actually dread sitting down to the table with my own young son or even to see him enter a room. He already is a tyrant with the servants, all except Jameson. He does seem to have some respect for him, and I verily believe because he can't bully or annoy the coachman. These are extremely unpleasant things to say, but the truth has got to be faced. What kind of

a man will a boy like Tommy make unless he is made to behave himself and show proper respect to others? ”

“ I always expected that a son of mine would make a respectable man,” was the displeased answer, “ but, if it becomes necessary to punish him, I think it should be done in some dignified way.”

Mr. Joyce kept patient, but answered, manfully:

“ I’ve felt condemned for some time past at the way I’ve sinned against Tommy, for it is a real crime to allow a mere child to lord it over every one, and set up a regular scream whenever he is even slightly crossed.”

He hesitated, then added: “ I haven’t spoken of it, for fear of distressing you, but Mr. Kemp, his schoolmaster, has complained twice that he is unable to govern the boy, and that he makes a great deal of trouble in the schoolroom. Now, I am going to insist on better behavior. I don’t mean to be harsh, but I shall have to be stern, and I do not mean

to give up until we have a better behaved boy. I know very well that children must be governed, or else they will grow up headstrong and lawless, to be disciplined by a harsh, severe world later on."

At that point the screaming and violent kicking against the door of the closet had increased to such an extent that Mr. Joyce could not be heard without almost shouting. He went to a drawer of his bureau and took out two large, stout handkerchiefs. Unlocking the closet door, he tied Master Tommy's feet and then his arms firmly together. The knowing boy called distressfully: "Mamma! mamma!" but Mrs. Joyce, knowing how useless it would be, did not reply.

"I'll run away! I'll run away!" screeched Tommy, hoping to scare his parents with the threat, but the next moment he found himself alone again, the door locked, his arms pinioned, and his feet securely tied.

"Hadn't we better go down to breakfast?" Mr. Joyce asked his wife.

“Breakfast!” she repeated, in a heart-sick way. “I feel very much like breakfast, and poor Tommy on the floor of a closet, with his feet tied up! And all about a few miserable cakes. He is a proud, sensitive child, and, as I said before, if he is to be reproved, it should be done in a gentle, gradual way. Mr. Kemp probably doesn’t understand his nature at all.”

“Well, I am going down to breakfast now,” Mr. Joyce replied, “and you, of course, must do as you think best, but after this I intend to do my duty as I see it by our boy. And this morning’s storm is not over ‘a few miserable cakes;’ it has been brewing a long time. Nor do I feel that the schoolroom trouble is because the master does not understand the boy. To-day’s outbreak means a great deal of future trouble if Tommy is not trained, and Mr. Kemp’s complaints are only the beginning of similar ones unless I strive to prevent them. Now I shall not go to business this morning until Tommy is quiet, if

I have to remain away from the office for hours."

All this shows why Tommy Joyce was a troublesome, turbulent boy, and at the age of eleven had become a terror in both the home and the schoolroom. Too much petting and indulgence had brought about a state of things it was going to be very, very hard to change.

His father conquered this time, for Tommy screamed until he was exhausted and fell asleep. Once he tried banging his head against the door, but that hurt, so he soon gave it up.

This day's storm, however, was only the beginning of troubles. Mr. Joyce, it is true, insisted on obedience, but Tommy yielded only sullenly and because he had to. It was a thousand pities that his mother was so blinded to his faults as to think him too harshly dealt with, and would even soothe and treat him when sent to bed early for miscon-

duct. And she felt unhappy and grieved when, at the close of this stormy day, stormy inside only, Tommy said, crossly:

“I think this is a perfectly horrid old world!”

CHAPTER IX.

GETTING ON

WHEN Tommy Joy made his appearance at night-school in the spruce new suit and well-fitting boots he had purchased, Mr. Sudbury looked at him with fresh interest.

How attractive the lad was! And how his dark eyes lighted up when the lessons were fairly under way! And there was not a more attentive pupil in the room; this the master knew well.

After the other scholars had gone that night, Tommy lingered, and in a half-shy way asked Mr. Sudbury if he would explain a sum in arithmetic he could not understand.

"Certainly, my boy," was the prompt reply. "I am always glad to explain anything

that is too much of a puzzle," and, glancing at Tommy, he said, inquiringly: "You have good friends, I hope?"

"Folks are kind," said Tommy, "they're awful kind."

"There are no parents, I think your friend told me."

"No, they've been gone ever since I was a little kid, but I'm pretty well off, 'cause Captain Swart, he lets me sleep aboard his tugboat nights, and daytimes I do errands to earn money. And I've got Mr. Frankfort, the man that come here with me the first night. He is good, mighty good."

The master was amused. The slim child seemed so much "a little kid" yet that the expression almost forced a smile. And then the idea of "being pretty well off," because he had a place to sleep and could do errands through the day for self-support, was touching.

"And do you earn much doing errands?"

"Some days I do first-rate, and then some

days there don't seem to be any one wants an errand done."

Mr. Sudbury's next question was in a slow, low tone:

"Do you ever get hungry?"

"No, not real," piped Tommy, cheerily. "I gen'rally keep a little ahead, and the market men, they're good mostly. If I don't lay down but a cent, they know why, and I get a big banana with one side squashed a bit, perhaps two of them. But pretty often I can go to the baker's, and sometimes I have a gay little pie. I like pie."

Mr. Sudbury had grown sober while Tommy was speaking, but suddenly he brightened, as an idea occurred to him.

"Should you know how to get to the college grounds across the water?" he asked.

"Ho, yes," answered the street boy. "Take a blue car, and lands you right at the gates for only five cents," and Tommy looked experienced as a judge.

"All right, some of the men there would

be glad to have you come over Saturday afternoons. We have games and tramps, and often wish we had a boy around to help in various ways. You'd be pretty spry, I take it, in running on our errands, or perhaps carrying rigging when we have a mind to go on the river."

Tommy's face took on a morning-like glow.

"I'd like it!" And his grin said as much as his words.

"Very well, come over to-morrow afternoon. No school at night, as it will be Saturday, and you won't have to hurry back. Start early, say at one o'clock, find your way to Fenton Hall, and ask for Mr. Sudbury."

"Are you in college?" asked Tommy, his eyes stretched wide in surprise.

"Yes, I am still a student. This is next to my last year, but I have to help myself, Tommy. I don't happen to have a rich father, as a great many of the young college men have. I teach in this school nights to help meet my expenses."

“And can any one go to college that isn’t rich?” asked Tommy, in amazement.

Mr. Sudbury laughed. “Why, my dear boy, there are a great, great many young fellows all over this good land who are working their way through college. It is one glory of our American lads that a large proportion of them are sufficiently independent to help themselves in any way they please.”

“Reckon it’s the glory of me,” grinned Tommy.

“And a very genuine kind of glory it is, too, my boy! You can come up with the best of them if you choose, but you will have to work for it.”

This sounded familiar. And in a moment Tommy remembered why. In different words, Mr. Welch had said the same thing, so had Mr. Smart, and Mr. Frankfort. Now Mr. Sudbury was repeating it. But Mr. Sudbury was speaking again:

“The prince in this country is the man who has brains. A beggar can sharpen up his wits

and get money, but he never can rank with men of education and understanding — never! And he has to feel it. My particular chum at college, Richard Gage, has a rich father, a beautiful home, finely furnished rooms at Fenton Hall, and all the spending money he wants. But Dick is a nobleman at heart. He comes of a long line of rich and educated men, men who have worked hard in spite of their wealth, and my friend means to be a business man, like his father and grandfather before him. And he knows that he has got to study for himself and learn for himself, exactly as I must do, in order to stand where he wants to in the world.

“Good night, Tommy Joy. See you tomorrow. Remember Fenton Hall, and ask for Mr. Sudbury.”

Tommy had a long walk to Merchant's Wharf, but he was there almost before he knew it. The prospect of going to the college grounds, and running about in attendance on college men, was simply delightful.

Aboard the *Peggy Lane* he found Captain Swart seated aft, or at the back of the boat, quietly smoking his pipe and watching the softly gurgling water. Tommy had pulled the bundle containing his old clothes from between the piles, and, going up to the captain, he asked:

“Shall I throw this bundle overboard here? It’s got my old clothes in it; they’re all oil.”

“May be of some use,” the captain answered. “Let’s see them. Cats!” he exclaimed, as by the strong light of a lantern Tommy held up the pieces. “I should think you’d taken a bath in cod-liver oil with your clothes on, but give them here. They’ll be just the things to grease the machinery with.” He tossed them over toward the engine, and Tommy saw them no more.

“Time to turn in, Mister Joy,” said the captain, as Tommy sat down near him. “You’d better go in good season, for you’ll have to turn out in good season. We pull off a staunch sailer at about five in the morning.

You'll have to take your morning nap up against the piles."

"'Twon't be the first time," replied Tommy, in the matter-of-fact way that often made him seem like an older boy. But he had to tell the captain what fine luck he was going to have in getting a chance to wait on the college men once a week. "And please," he went on, "won't you show me how to manage the tugboat some days when I'm on her? I want to know how to do lots of things, because by and by I want to work my way through college."

Captain Swart threw back his head and softly roared. "You look so tremendously like a college man, you little Joy thing," he said, but his voice was kind although full of laughter, and Tommy all at once thought it might be as well for him to wait until he was a little further on in school before he began talking about college.

Captain Swart noticed that the boy had quieted. "Oh, never mind my laughing," he

said. "Just you peg away at your books, and no knowing where you may find yourself some day. You can stay aboard the *Peggy* in the morning if you like. There'll be a mug of coffee and some hard-tack and cheese. You can see Tim Mallow make the fire, and watch me manage the lever. A young 'hand' of eleven would go for consid'erable of a midget in studying navigation or the management of water-craft, but it doesn't hurt any one, either man or boy, to learn anything that's useful."

"That's what I thought," ventured Tommy.

"Not a long trip to-morrow morning," the captain added. "We'll be back between eleven and twelve, scare up some kind of a lunch, then you'll be in good time for your college rinktums. Turn in now, youngster; it's hard on ten. High time young sea-fowl was in its nest."

Tommy had only time, after lying down, for one clear thought:

"Seems to me 'most every one is awful

kind. Seems to me just as soon as a fellow wants to know things, every one is mighty willin' to teach him."

The crew, a few of whom had slept on board, mustered early in the morning. Tommy watched Tim Mallow, the fireman, as he made a brave blaze in the tug's engine. Then he watched the captain turn on steam, balancing the lever well to the centre, increasing the power or shutting it off, according to the speed he could make with safety. At times he must pick his way cautiously with the great schooner in tow, and at a bridge he must slacken speed, and perhaps lower the smoke-stack in order to move securely through the drawbridge.

It was a crisp morning, with an almost sharp breeze, but Tommy, with all his privations and simple living, possessed one thing that many a pampered boy might have envied him. That was perfect health. So the breezy sail was quite to his mind, and the crackers, cheese, and coffee, which he had at seven

o'clock, furnished a feast for the haphazard-fed boy.

The lunch was repeated at eleven o'clock, and fifteen minutes later Tommy was about to leap from the tug to the wharf when a deck-hand called him back.

Tommy stopped at once, for Phil Tower had a pleasant word for him always.

"Would ye be afther readin'?" asked the sailor, in a low voice, standing near the boy.

"Oh, yes, Phil, I can read."

"And can ye read writin'?"

"Certin! I can write, too, Phil."

"That's jus' wot I were wantin' to know. Whisper then." Phil put his rough hand side of his mouth, and did indeed whisper loudly:

"I've a letther from me sweetheart, and I don't want inny other marn wotever to be knowin' wot the girl hes to say, an' ye needn't be tellin' marn nor beast wot she writes, Tommy Joy, but if ye'll read me the letther from her, and write back a bit word as I'll tell ye to her, I'll be giving ye ten cents, and glad

to get off that aisy and chape. Is it a bargain, thin? ”

Tommy said he was willing to do it for nothing.

“ Which ye won’t! ” said Phil, with decision.

It took until after twelve o’clock to sufficiently read one letter, for Phil must hear it all twice, and to write the other to “ Katie, me sweetheart dear.” Then Tommy received a very welcome dime, for, so low was his purse, he had expected to take the long walk back from the college grounds. There would be no need of that now.

As he pocketed the dime, he chuckled, airily:

“ I think this is just a happy old world! ”

Which shows the difference of opinion existing on the same subject and at the same time between Tommy Joyce and Tommy Joy.

CHAPTER X.

A MERRY AFTERNOON

AT about half-past one Tommy was at the door of Fenton Hall, inquiring for Mr. Sudbury. A man in plain, dark livery seemed bent on having some fun at the shy boy's expense.

"Well now, sir," he began, "I'm not sure as Mr. Sudbury sees gentlemen without they send up their cards. Did you happen to bring your card along?"

Tommy clapped his hand over his breast pocket. The street boy, for all his good face, was hard to corner.

"Be gum! If I haven't gone and left all my cards at home in the parlor," he wailed. "What'll I do! What'll I do!"

The man had to smile. "You're not quite the greeny you might be," he admitted. "P'r'aps if I furnished pencil and pad, you might write your cognomen."

Tommy had no more idea what the word "cognomen" meant than the man in the moon, but he easily guessed it meant name, so he replied briefly and drolly:

"Yes, sir."

"All right, there you are. Go at it now," and from a side pocket the man whipped out a pad and pencil.

But there is no end to college pranks, and it is something of a risk for a janitor or waiter to try practising them on his own account.

Up to this moment neither Tommy nor the teasing man had seen a tall, lithe form that had been rounding a bend by the stairway, but suddenly the man, who was in the act of handing Tommy the pad with its dangling pencil, felt his elbows seized firmly from behind and held as in a vise, while a rich and ludicrously solemn voice called out:

"Tell us the meaning, the exact meaning of the word 'cognomen,' man, or you die!"

"You needn't pinch so, Mr. Lon Carver," said the man, growing red in the face. " 'Cognomen' means name, of course."

"What name, front or back, quick now? my sword hangs dangling."

"Oh, don't be so funny," said the man, trying to wriggle his elbows free.

"Ah, you think you can twitch away from my iron grip, do you, Si? No use, and your time is getting short. Answer, or I strike! Does 'cognomen' mean Silas or Collins, front name or back?"

"Oh, it means either you please, Mr. Carver. Let me go, will you? I'm wanted."

"Indeed, you are, are you? Sad, but you'll continue to be wanted until you finish your exam. Only fifteen seconds of life left! Does 'cognomen' mean first or second name. Man, I adjure you, make haste!"

Tommy was going through a series of low chuckles, for the laughable sight of the jani-

tor really growing quite mad, his elbows held firmly back, and the serious voice of the handsome young man who held him captive, were too much for him. Yet he managed to keep pretty silent until the bright face behind the pinioned man beamed on him with a swift nod and a mischievous opening of the eyes. At that he exploded in a louder chuckle. Then a hollow voice asked:

“For the last time, front or back? Here mercy ends!”

And Collins, knowing well he would not be free until he replied, shouted loudly:

“Oh, it’s front, and be done with you!”

But Silas Collins was not released.

“Alas, Collins, you’ve yet one thing to learn,” said the college boy, “for ‘cognomen’ does not mean a first name, it means a second or last one, what we call a ‘family name.’ And now” — Mr. Carver took on the tones of a grandfather — “as I have noticed with regret and feelings of sadness that you are given to pestering such small fry as appear

at this honored door I feel it my duty to ask you to say to this patient chap: 'Forgive me, fair boy, for tormenting you.' After that I will let you go."

"And I'll say nothing of the kind!" cried Collins, half-laughing in spite of himself.

"Think again," warned Lon Carver, "and you have one precious half-moment in which to decide! Say, 'Forgive me, fair boy, for tormenting you,' or I blow a shrill whistle which brings to the spot a dozen willing comrades, and up and down this hall you march until your little lesson is said. Now then, will you speak or march?"

Tommy, who knew nothing of college fun, or how swift the students were to spring to it, expected to see the man kick about and show fight sooner than follow the droll demand. But Silas Collins knew too much for that,—knew that at Lon Carver's loud whistle open would fly a dozen doors, and the fun-loving young fellows would have him marching up and down the hall in an instant.

And so he sung out in the piping tones of a schoolboy:

“Forgive me, fair boy, for tormenting you!”

Then Collins was released, and to Tommy's great astonishment, when Lon Carver put out his hand, Silas Collins immediately shook hands in the best of humor. Tommy did not know that a slightly worn silk necktie or some other useful thing would probably find its way to Silas Collins's hands before the next day, yet it would, for, if the young college man must have his sport, he generally is kind-hearted to the bone and willing to pay for it.

Collins went to the far end of the corridor and knocked at a door. Mr. Sudbury looked out. “Ah, it's Master Joy, is it?” he said. “Come to my room, please; there are some things I would like to have you carry.”

Coats and baskets were waiting for Tommy's strong young arms. Fishing-poles, partly disjointed, were in a corner, and it was

evident that a fishing-party was soon to start out.

As Tommy turned around, he saw that Mr. Carver had followed him into the room, and Mr. Sudbury said, by way of introduction:

“Carver, this is one of my evening pupils, Tommy Joy. He is the young lad I was speaking of this morning. This is Mr. Carver, Tommy. Pretty soon you will see some more of my friends.”

Mr. Carver drew up his eyes. “Happy to meet you, Tommy Joy, but let’s see, haven’t I looked upon you somewhere before? Rather lately, wasn’t it?”

Tommy nodded and grinned.

“How is this?” asked Mr. Sudbury, a grain puzzled. “Have you become acquainted before?”

“Ah, yes, I remember,” said Lon Carver. “Si Collins undertook to badger this small man, and I threatened to come with an army and rescue him.”

That was enough. Gentlemen do not ask

too many questions, and Mr. Sudbury laughed and was satisfied.

There came a knock, and another young fellow entered the room. Mr. Sudbury was to be surprised a second time, for at sight of Tommy the newcomer stopped, then, as the boy smiled broadly into his face, he exclaimed:

“Again! Do I see before me the little man who now twice has crossed my path?”

“How is this, Tommy Joy?” the master asked, again looking puzzled. “Have you seen my friend, Mr. Richard Gage, before?”

Mr. Gage answered for him: “I happened to see a man trying to bluff the boy one morning after letting a can of oil spatter him all over. I simply reminded the fellow that little Mister Joy had the same rights as any other American citizen. We made him understand, didn’t we?”

He looked with friendly eyes at the boy, who nodded decidedly, and Tommy appeared

unable to take his eyes off of the splendid figure and proud-looking face of the student. He wore a dark flannel suit, which Tommy vaguely thought might have grown on him, so perfect and easy was the fit; he carried the air of a gentleman in every way, even to the curiously twisted gold ring on his finger.

A small party soon set out, bound for the river, where it was said a great school of mackerel were to be easily caught. Tommy carried a few sweaters, a small basket of bait, and felt in readiness to serve in any way possible.

The afternoon was one that Tommy long remembered. The college men were quick of speech and keen of wit. They called each other queer names, and joked in a sober way that made Tommy burst into giggles he tried to keep back. Once Mr. Carver came to his help:

"Shake away, little Joy," he said; "it'll make you grow." Yet in the main they kept pretty quiet, Mr. Gage remarking that loud

talking or laughing was likely to scare the fish away.

Tommy showed himself not a little skilled in fishing. He could bait the hooks, unhook the flapping fish, and make himself useful in many ways. On the return trip, Mr. Sudbury showed him how to manage the oars, and Tommy keenly enjoyed the lesson. On landing, he was surprised to find that the little company intended to walk the two miles back to the college grounds.

"We've been sitting two hours," said Mr. Gage, "now for a tramp, fishing-basket, traps, and all. Think you can stand it, little Joy?"

"Do ask the boy if he can walk it," clipped in Lon Carver. "Whoever heard of a youngster's standing a good two miles!"

Tommy forgot to giggle in his eagerness to assure his lordly friends that he shouldn't mind walking twice as far. Oh, anything to stay with them! he thought.

He was overjoyed when Mr. Sudbury asked if he could stay and assist at a little supper

in Mr. Gage's rooms. "A bit of a fish spread," he called it.

"Saturday evening," added the teacher, "a time of extra freedom, so instead of going to the dining-hall as usual, we will invite a few friends to join us, and you could be useful at the table and in clearing away. We all take hold."

"I'll clear up everything!" said Tommy; "know how, too!"

On the way home three large lobsters were bought and squeezed into a basket.

At Mr. Gage's rooms, Tommy stood in quiet wonderment. The mirrors, the costly rugs, the polished wood floor by doors and windows, all looked beautifully to the street boy. A richly covered lounge was crowded with silken pillows, chairs and tables were curiously carved, while tidies and table-covers were new wonders to the lad. An upright piano stood in one corner, the embroidered and thickly fringed silk cover showing the

skilled fashionings of India. A thick rug of spotted fur, with an animal's head at one end, so pleased and interested Tommy that, forgetting his shyness, he asked:

"Did that come from an African jungle?"

"Ye skites!" exclaimed Lon Carver, "where got the lad such knowledge?"

"Of what are you thinking, Tommy?" asked Mr. Sudbury, with an encouraging smile.

"Of the picture in my geography of an African jungle, with bears and leopards and lions in it," Tommy replied.

"You just hit the facts," said Mr. Gage. "My honored sire — sire means father — shot the particular leopard that used to wear that rug on his back."

Mr. Sudbury looked up at the wall.

"Whose picture is that, Tommy?"

"Abraham Lincoln's."

"Who discovered America?" asked Mr. Gage.

"Christopher Columbus in 1492." The

answers came promptly, as if Tommy enjoyed the questions.

“Who made the first green cheese?” asked Lon Carver, who seemed to think the examination had gone far enough.

CHAPTER XI.

A COLLEGE SUPPER

WHAT followed was so new and strange to Tommy that he almost felt as if he were some other boy, and not Tommy Joy at all.

First, he was given a covered basket, some money, a little note, and told where he would find a fancy bakery a block away. Then he was told to enter the building without ringing when he returned, and to go directly to Mr. Richard Gage's rooms.

"We are doing nothing forbidden," Mr. Sudbury took pains to say, "but we like a little feast now and then of our own providing."

Tommy darted off, and soon returned with the things ordered in the note. Several young fellows had entered the room during his ab-

sence. How clean, wide-awake, and finely groomed they all looked!

A gas stove had also appeared, and in a large pan some mackerel were beginning to sputter, watched over by Lon Carver. In a chafing-dish, Richard Gage was mixing something that sent out a delightful odor, strong of lobster. Tommy thought it charming to see these fine young students so expert at fancy cooking. On the back of the gas stove was a huge coffee-pot.

A table was hastily cleared of books and ornaments, a white cloth was put on it, dishes, spoons, forks, and glasses were set out. With surprising deftness two or three of the young fellows soon had the cakes and crackers Tommy had brought disposed in neat piles on plates. Cream puffs of delicious aspect filled a large platter.

It seemed but a very little while before Lon Carver sung out: "Mackerel is served," and Richard Gage shouted: "Likewise stewed lobster!"

Lon Carver put a square of beautifully browned mackerel on a plate, Richard Gage added a spoonful of tempting mixture from the chafing-dish, and Tommy handed it to a princely-looking young fellow, who helped himself to a fork, a roll, and a paper napkin, and announced, as he seated himself at the table:

“ I am about to ‘ fall to.’ I’ve gone away. I’m not at home. Don’t wish to be disturbed. Can’t see anybody! ”

In a few minutes all were eating. More mackerel was left to brown in the frying-pan, the mixture in the chafing-dish was kept hot. Tommy handed plates to and fro, as the feast went blithely on. Mackerel, lobster, rolls, and crackers steadily disappeared.

Then came cakes and coffee, and Richard Gage had brought out from a queer little closet at one side of the wall strong cheese in small white jars that Tommy longed to get a taste of.

It seemed to the observing boy that never

did men, either young or old, enjoy more keenly the food before them than did these well-fed young men the feast so quickly prepared.

The mackerel vanished, except one long piece that Lon Carver said had the name "Tommy Joy" on it. Just one good spoonful of the lobster delight was kept back, Richard Gage said also marked for the "Joy boy." The coffee, black and sweet, Mr. Sudbury told Tommy to put hot water to before drinking. Even then the boy thought it beautiful in its fragrant strength.

Cakes there were in plenty, and Tommy found the smart cheese quite as much to his liking as he had imagined it would be.

By the time he had eaten his generous supper, Tommy felt as if he were in the company of several young lords, and should never feel hungry again.

With plenty of water heated on the gas stove, he washed the finer dishes, wiping them with soft, clean paper napkins. The chafing-

dish and stew-pan were given to Collins, the janitor, together with a half-dollar, and the request that they be washed and returned.

As Tommy lingered to neatly pile the dishes and wipe out the punch-bowl, in which he had carefully washed them, Dick Gage seated himself at the piano, dashed off a few notes with a firm, brilliant touch, and broke into a college song. The air rang out in a full, sweet tenor, and then the whole company swung into the chorus, fine, well-trained voices making a melody that struck poor Tommy powerless.

What! Did *young men* ever know how to play a piano like that? With skilled touch and a masterful knowledge of just how to make the music soft and pathetic, or grand and stirring? "Why, I thought only little girls played the piano," thought poor, untaught Tommy.

Then such voices! Such singing! Lon Carver rolled out a rich, deep baritone that made Tommy envious in every bone of his



"TOMMY LINGERED TO NEATLY PILE THE DISHES AND
WIPE OUT THE PUNCH-BOWL"

slim little body. It seemed to him at the moment that the grandest, most beautiful thing in the world was to know how to play the piano and sing.

He slipped into Richard Gage's bedroom, for his breast was heaving in a strange way, and his underlip would curl like a grieved baby's. Song after song poured forth, as if the air was full of sweet sounds born of the gay, buoyant spirits of the young.

Tommy's lip gave a more ungoverned curl. He did not know that something fine in his young nature made him admire and appreciate the pleasing melodies. It might have comforted him if he had, but he only murmured, ruefully:

"Such a thing to be born rich! They come into the world with rich fathers and high-up, proud mothers, and homes that I don't know anything about."

Then he remembered, with a feeling of good cheer, that Mr. Sudbury had said he did not have a rich father, and was having to help

himself through college, and the young master of these fine rooms and the man dashing off that correctly played music was Mr. Sudbury's particular friend.

"Oh, I mean to study like fury!" gasped Tommy, for with these better thoughts came another remembrance, — "If the princes of this country are the men who *know*, then I have got a chance to climb, and I will climb, too!"

Just then Mr. Sudbury peeped into the room. "Ah, here you are," he said. "There's a package on the table by the door for you when you go out. There will be nothing more required to-night, but you can come Saturday afternoons after this until vacation. Here is a little pay for your help. You have done very well."

"Oh, but I liked it so much," gasped Tommy. "I didn't want any more pay than that supper."

Mr. Sudbury raised his eyebrows. "We shouldn't think of such a thing as letting you

help us without some pay, Tommy. Good night. Don't forget the package."

Standing by his bunk on the *Peggy Lane*, Tommy found he had in the package a sufficient supply of crackers, cakes, and cheese for Sunday and a part of Monday. The small paper roll Mr. Sudbury had handed him contained ten ten-cent pieces. Tommy's eyes opened wide.

"Jinks!" he exclaimed, "if I'm sure of a dollar a week, I shall get along stunning."

And the boy did get along with what to him was real comfort until the spring had gone, summer had come, a famous "class-day" had been observed at the college, showing Tommy such wonders of gaiety, fine clothes, and costly cheer as he had scarcely dreamed of before. Then Richard Gage and Mr. Lon Carver went to their homes in different States. The night-school was closed until September. Mr. Sudbury was also to go away, but was to teach in a summer school.

During the three months that he had at-

tended school, Tommy had done so well that Mr. Sudbury advised his entering the public day-schools in the fall, and, as Tommy wanted to keep right on studying, he was allowed to take an arithmetic, speller, and geography to the neat shelf over his bunk. This was a great joy. And he was delighted when Mr. Dick Gage one afternoon gave him a small grammar from his bookcase.

“First one I ever studied, Tommy Joy,” he said. “Now, most of its rules are in my head. See that you get them into yours, well in, for you’ll need them with the kind of men I expect you will have for companions some day.”

Tommy said “Yes, sir,” in the dry way he sometimes answered when pleased, and other speech failed him, but it pleased him immensely that Mr. Gage, who was to him the embodiment of pluck, strength, and skill, should take it for granted that he was going to make the right kind of a man.

Tommy meantime had learned to row a

boat, and had become skilled in the management of a canoe, never feeling happier than when on the water. One day he said to himself, with a chuckle:

“Don’t know whether I’ll be a lawyer or a sea-captain when I grow up. Sea-captains go all over the world, and glory! how much they must learn! Mr. Carver said the other night that a smart lawyer could turn things topsyturvy, but Mr. Gage said: ‘Ho, the statesmen are the fellows at the top!’ Think I’ll be a statesman. I’ll grow bigger by that time.”

All through the summer Tommy kept at his studies. One ambition was to surprise Mr. Sudbury when he returned, and then, he was truly fond of books. Yet he was a fun-loving, active, perfectly natural boy. He amused himself hours at a time watching vessels lade and unlade, and was more than happy when Mr. Frankfort took him on a fishing trip lasting several days.

When the fall came, however, Tommy did

not enter the day-school. Mr. Sudbury, surprised and pleased at the progress he had made all by himself, said he thought the boy would get on more rapidly by still attending the night-school in a higher grade, while also taking extra lessons and reciting to him at odd times. And then, Tommy must still earn money.

Mr. Sudbury's kindly interest was a great help to the street boy, and in his own way Tommy realized it. The boy was twelve in October, tall for his age, with a bright, attractive face, and intelligent brown eyes.

A year sped away. All through the fall, winter, and spring Tommy studied, recited, and earned money. He made himself so useful to the college men in various ways that the pockets of his suit — which gave splendid wear — always contained money. He still had his bunk aboard the *Peggy Lane*, and during the warm weather had bought himself

a light summer suit, socks, handkerchiefs, and other articles of dress not enjoyed before.

This fall Tommy entered the day-schools, going in at the eighth grade, showing how much the extra recitations had done for him, which Mr. Sudbury's generous aid had made possible.

Then, when he had been in school but a month, was just thirteen, and giving promise of becoming one of the smartest boys in his class, something occurred which interrupted his busy yet happy-go-lucky days, and interfered seriously with all his cheerily laid plans, — something as unexpected as it was eventful.

CHAPTER XII.

HEARING THE TRUTH

THERE had come an evening full of anxiety in the fine house on Beacon Road.

It was October, month of brilliant tints and cooling winds. Yet no one in the house on Beacon Road had suffered from the summer's heat. By the breezy seaside or at the mountains Tommy Joyce had visited with his parents in wide hotels, which open their doors to people with deep purses and plenty of vacation time.

You see, Tommy is again mentioned first, because he still to a great degree ruled affairs in the house on Beacon Road.

Yet Master Tommy had learned one thing during the past year and a half. This was that he could not rule his father. He had not

become an obedient boy by any means, neither had he stopped making things uncomfortable for any one who crossed him in any way, but he had grown more sly, and in a way more quiet.

A boy of almost thirteen is ashamed to throw back his head and scream like a child when things do not suit him, that is, if he has one mite of manhood in him. But it is just as bad to sulk and say rude, insolent things as it is to roar with temper, and servants still left the house at times because unwilling to "put up with that boy."

Mr. Joyce was troubled with a nervous fear that some disgrace would eventually befall through Tommy's behavior, and he made several attempts to break up his wilful, trying ways. For he had not been without warnings that outside as well as inside the home Tommy made mischief, and was bent on making it whenever he pleased.

Mrs. Joyce had much preferred keeping the boy in select and private schools to think-

ing of entering him in the more mixed companionships of the public schools. But when the term closed in June, the previous year, Mr. Slade, master of a truly fine training school, where Mr. Joyce had paid large sums to have Tommy attend, said to Mr. Joyce that he should be unwilling to have Tommy return in the fall.

“Hard to control?” asked Mr. Joyce, with a smile, yet feeling sick at heart.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Slade, speaking kindly, yet as if the truth must be told, “the fact is, it makes trouble all through the schoolroom to have one lad too independent and determined not to obey the rules. I am sorry, but I would much rather Tommy would try some other school in the fall.”

Mr. Joyce felt the blood rush to his brow with shame. Here was a fine, scholarly man refusing to receive his son as a future pupil after dealing with him a few months.

“Perhaps I had better put him in the public schools,” he said.

“I do not think he would get along there at all,” Mr. Slade replied, promptly. “If you will allow me to advise, I should think some school away from home, where the discipline is of a very decided nature, would be the best place for your son.”

So when the fall came that year, Mr. Joyce put Tommy in a boarding-school where the discipline was said to be perfect, a school from which boys did not desire to escape, as there were many privileges, and the lads were allowed to make frequent visits at home if desired.

At the end of two months, Tommy suddenly made his appearance at his father's house one afternoon, saying he had been ill and unable to study, so the only thing for him to do was to return home.

The truth was, he had run away, perhaps with some idea of running back again after a few days. But a letter from the principal, received two days later, informed Mr. Joyce that, as his son had left the school without

permission, it might be as well for him not to return. "One such restless pupil will affect all the others," the teacher wrote. "It seems to me it would be a good plan to place your son under the care of a private tutor, who could devote more of his time to one pupil."

The tutor came, but, on taking leave in the spring, flatly refused, even for increased pay, to attempt teaching Tommy again.

"Not that your son is a dullard, by any means," he said to Mr. Joyce. "Tommy could learn easily if he wished. There is no trouble with his mind, but his disposition is quite another thing."

This fall Mr. Joyce was determined to put Tommy in the public schools. There was an up-town building that would be convenient, and he strongly hoped that, on finding himself one of a crowd of bright, ambitious boys, he would be ashamed either to lag behind in his studies, or to show rude, ungentlemanly manners or conduct.

It took but four weeks to find Master Tommy at home much earlier than usual one day, and at dinner that night he made the announcement that he was not going to that kind of a place any longer.

"You will go to-morrow morning as usual," his father said, firmly.

"No, I sha'n't," returned the boy.

Something in the way Tommy spoke made his father look at him keenly. He had not dared to speak that way of late.

"Were you sent home?" asked Mr. Joyce.

"Something of that sort. Old Wilson has been down on me right along. He doesn't want me there, anyway."

"I think I'll see him to-night."

Mr. Joyce spoke in a low, even tone, but he did not appear to want any more dinner. Tommy wished he had kept still, and not have let his father know there had been fresh trouble. And he felt a decidedly uneasy twinge when he saw him go out in the evening. Yet, if he was regretful that his con-

duct had not been what it should have been at school, it was not because of the shame of it, or because of the trial he had been to the teacher, no, it was simply because he did not know what his father might take it into his head to do next when he heard of his capers and defiance of the rules.

Tommy's uneasiness increased as the evening wore on. He kept around his mother in an unusual way, showing little attentions that were very pleasing. He talked also of things he meant to do in the future. He was going to college, sure! And he thought he should be a banker like papa.

Mrs. Joyce thought how well her boy could talk, how much in earnest he had become, and what a very good face he had. Here was a good chance to slip in a little motherly counsel, such as she had often wished she could offer and be listened to respectfully.

"Yes, my dear child," she said, "but you know, if you want to go to college, you will have to study bravely first. No young man

can go to college without a good deal of preparation. Only think how your cousin Wilbur had to apply himself. Nothing would please me better than to have you begin studying in earnest. And, Tommy dear, can't you be a little milder with the servants, and not quite so noisy when I have callers? I really was considerably disturbed yesterday when Mrs. Larrington called."

"Oh, yes, I'm going to come the gentleman from this on," Tommy replied, "and I say, mamma," — his voice grew soft and wheedling — "if pa should come home feeling kind of mad at things Mr. Wilson says, you smooth it over for me, won't you? I hate old Wilson, and I hate most of those namby-pamby boys that stick to their books as if they were galley-slaves. Cracky! I never saw such skulks!"

"Oh, don't say 'cracky,' Tommy, it sounds coarse, and I wouldn't call the boys names, but come, go to bed now, and remember all the good things you've promised. Kiss me,

dear, and of course you know mother is always willing to make things as easy for you as possible."

Tommy went up-stairs as if intending to go to bed. Yet the uneasy twinge that plagued him when his father went out did not ease one whit after the talk with his mother. He must manage somehow to hear what his father would have to say after seeing Mr. Wilson. Of course he would go right to the reception-room, where his mother was sitting, when he returned.

Tommy did not undress, but listened over the stairs, and he was fairly rejoiced when the butler called his mother to the dining-room to see about the arrangement of some new dishes in the rosewood cabinet.

Down slipped the boy, and crept into a recess of the reception-room, which had before it only some silken hangings. But he felt pretty safe, as his parents rarely went there in the evening. He could stand in the corner behind the loopings, and to-night there

would probably be so much to talk about, he would never be discovered.

He had to exercise patience. Fortunately, a covered footstool stood in the corner, or he could scarcely have stood the tiresome fatigue.

It was about nine o'clock when Tommy started for bed, and his father did not come home until half-past ten. If endurance is a test of strength, Tommy surely was strong.

At length Mr. Joyce had entered the reception-room, and at once began talking in a low tone to his wife.

"I suppose you know where I have been, wife."

"You spoke at dinner-time of going to see Mr. Wilson."

"Yes, I have seen Mr. Wilson. I have also seen two other men since going out."

"You don't know how beautifully Tommy has been talking to me to-night," Mrs. Joyce hastened to say. "He has been as attentive and gentlemanly as a boy could be, and has

been telling of his plans. He means to go to college sometime, and I think begins to see that he must be more studious if he is to get on as he wishes to."

"Yes, I should think he was well on the road to college," Mr. Joyce said, bitterly. "Confess to me, wife, did not Tommy suspect I would hear bad news concerning him to-night, and want you to speak a good word for him?"

Tommy, hiding behind the draperies, felt his heart sink at the shrewd question. His mother began:

"I think Tommy was afraid Mr. Wilson might be hard on him, and cause you to be hard on him, too. But I wish you could have heard him talk to-night! He seems to have made up his mind to be a banker like his father. Don't, pray, let us discourage him. We must have faith in our boy. I think Tommy means all right, even if he has given way to a few boyish whims."

Mr. Joyce did not answer for a moment.

When he did, it was in tones that both his wife sitting before him, and Tommy in the alcove, could not fail to understand.

“ You know whether I have been an indulgent father. You know whether I have been generous in my little family, and willing to provide everything I could for the comfort and happiness of all. But I am done with all trifling or indecision as regards my future course with our boy. As his father, as the one chiefly responsible for his future career, I am going to insist on doing what, so far as I can see, is the best thing that can be done for him.

“ Yes, I saw Mr. Wilson, and a pretty story I heard! With perfect kindness, yet without mincing matters in the least, the master said he thought that Tommy was as fairly started on a wilful, deceitful, unruly course as any lad he had ever had to do with. He said he was indolent in a way to make other lads inattentive, insolent in a way to make other boys impertinent, and sly in a way to cause his

nearer companions in the schoolroom to attempt little deceptions.

“He told of finding two books in the boy’s desk that no decent boy should read; books full of impossible bravery and trashy exploits, making a hero of a daredevil boy, whose only end would be certain destruction.

“As I mistrusted, Tommy was sent home to-day, with the command not to enter the schoolroom again. And to-night when Mr. Wilson said, ‘I am exceedingly sorry to say what I have, and can think of but one thing I should advise,’ I said frankly I should be very glad of any advice he would be kind enough to offer.

“Then he told of a school, taught by an old military commander, a man of superior qualities for both teacher and director, where a boy is compelled, not by cruelty, but by staunch rules that cannot be broken, to behave himself properly, to learn his lessons, and to show perfect respect to his teachers.

“Parents are obliged to promise not to

take a boy away, nor to let him visit at home under six months. He will have regular exercise, plenty of plain, wholesome food, stated hours for study, and also for recreation.

“At Mr. Wilson’s suggestion, I next called on a gentleman whose once unruly boy is at present only a comfort in the home, and welcome everywhere. He had been at this academy. The young man had told his parents that the rules were strict and had to be obeyed, yet there was never great severity, and nothing that could possibly be called cruel.

“I was fortunate also in seeing Colonel Lester, the principal of the school. I liked him very much, and could feel the strength and kindness of the man as he talked with me.

“Now, day after to-morrow Tommy goes to Sussex, up the Hudson, to this model institution. I shall go with him, see his room, and the house in which he is to remain until next May.”

“He won’t be willing to go,” said Mrs.

Joyce, in a voice that trembled and was full of tears.

“He will go whether willing or not,” said Mr. Joyce, in a voice that was not unkind, but so full of determination that the boy behind the silken draperies trembled like a leaf.

CHAPTER XIII.

RUNNING AWAY

TOMMY did not have long to remain downstairs after that last remark of his father's. His parents left the room almost at once, and, before the butler came to turn off the lights, he had scuttled up to his room.

It takes a good deal to keep a healthy boy awake. Not that Tommy Joyce was any too healthy, for he ate when he pleased and what he pleased, bought all kinds of rich candies, and often ate them just before going to bed. Of course, he had frequent ill turns, and every little while was obliged to stay in bed a day or two, which always made him peevish and difficult to manage.

To-night Tommy felt well enough, but he

could not sleep. After a time he began muttering:

“So Papa Joyce thinks he’s going to take me to a horrid boarding-school way off in another State, does he? A place I can’t get away from, where they have plenty of plain food, and have to mind a whole batch of rules. We’ll see about that! I’ve been thinking of running away for a long time. Now I’ll do it, pretty quick, too.

“Day after to-morrow he thinks he’ll take me, with old Mr. What’s-his-name, off to that place up the Hudson. I bet he won’t! If mamma doesn’t promise to-morrow to get me off from going, I’ll run away to-morrow night. Then I reckon there’ll be a muss.

“Now how can I get some money? I shall want a lot. I can take all I’ve got on hand, and all there is in mamma’s purse. Oh, and I know a place where pa puts money to pay bills with. I can take that. Boys in story-books do great things and have splendid times that run away. I don’t care what old Wilson

says, and I can go wherever I please, and do whatever I want to if I run away. Mamma may worry, but I'll leave her a little note, saying I'm all right, and shall prob'bly come back a very rich man some day."

Then this very foolish young boy fell asleep.

The next morning his father told Tommy, kindly but with decision, that the next day he was to go with him to a fine school, where he would meet a number of other boys, all from the best of homes, and where he hoped he would try to learn all he could.

"It is going to cost a great deal to enter you at Colonel Lester's academy," he said, "but you will like it, I hope. There will be military drill, which most lads enjoy very much, and many pleasant things to learn."

Mr. Joyce said nothing about the regular habits, plain food, and the six months' absence from home which Tommy knew all about.

"I don't want to go," said the boy.

"We will have a pleasant trip," his father went on, not noticing Tommy's objection, "for I am going with you to Sussex. I want to see the fine building and nice room, where I can't help feeling you will soon feel at home and settle down to good work with your books."

Tommy said nothing more, only the resolve he had made to run away became much stronger.

During the next day, however, he hung around his mother, teasing and coaxing her to make his father change his mind.

"My dear boy," she said, "I never saw your father more determined than he is about this matter. I could not turn him in the least, and really do not know as I ought to try. You had better let father have his way this time, especially as he feels sure he is doing the very best thing for you he possibly can."

"How long will I have to stay?"

"I suppose papa and the master will have to settle that," was the cautious reply.

That settled it. If his mother was going to think it all right that he should go away, and not urge his father to keep him at home, he might as well think out his plans for the night. So to work he set.

He had a few dollars of his own, found more dollars in his mother's purse, and thought himself very lucky when, in the drawer where money was put for paying bills, he found quite a sum put aside for the ice-man.

A bright boy of Tommy's age would generally be pretty shrewd in laying simple plans, and Tommy managed very well about getting away.

At bedtime he seemed so quiet and gentle that his mother felt comforted, thinking he was going away willingly, after all. His father joked him and made promises of coming to see him once in awhile, and inviting Mamma Joyce to come with him.

The house had been quiet an hour when Tommy stole quietly out, leaving the front

door only half-latched. On his pillow was a note, which on the outside said "Mamma." Inside was written:

"DEAR MAMMA:—When you read this I shall be far, far away. Let no one try to find me. It will be no use. I'm going to seek my fortune in other lands, and expect to come back a grown-up man and perhaps very rich. I took some money from your purse I knew you would want me to have instid of starveing, and some money that was for the iceman. Farewel.

"Your son,

"TOMMY JOYCE."

Tommy walked straight on until he came to a public garden. He was dressed in a stylish woollen suit, a thick, warm overcoat, and had a handsome travelling-bag in his hand. He knew enough to keep out of the way of policemen.

At the public garden he first thought he

would stay a part of the night, and go to sleep on one of the benches, as he had seen men do when on his way home after attending a concert or some other evening entertainment with his parents.

He was surprised and vexed that an uncomfortable twinge shot through him at this first thought of parents and home. He made up his mind not to think of either again that night.

Then the garden he was trudging through was not after all a place to remain in. He grew chilly a moment after sitting down, and, besides, he was too near Beacon Road. Something might possibly happen to let his parents know he had run away, then they would be almost sure to find him. So he left the garden and began travelling down-town.

It surprised and also cheered him that so many people were still abroad in the streets, yet he could not help noticing that he did not see many boys or girls roaming about at that hour.

Then he began wishing pretty seriously that he could meet some other boy. He had trudged a long way down-town, and his leather travelling-bag was growing terribly heavy. There did not seem to be any place at which to stop.

On he went until the streets began to look strange, different from any he had ever seen before, and not altogether pleasant. Perhaps he had better take some other direction. The boy had no idea as to where he was. He turned into another street, then another, but all the time appeared to be getting farther down-town.

All at once he smelled the sea. Ah, and there were masts and spars right before him. Why not go on to a ship and sail away somewhere? No knowing how soon he might be found if he kept roaming about in his own city. But would they take him on a vessel without asking troublesome questions?

Tommy was feeling gloomy and perplexed

when all at once he stopped short, and said under his breath:

“ Oh, goody! goody! Here comes another boy.”

Tommy Joy had taken up algebra at the public schools, and it puzzled him. He had it as an extra study, and it was so much the boy's nature to hold on to anything he once began that on no account would he have given up and owned himself beaten.

The next morning three problems were to be handed in, one of which Tommy found himself unable to master. Work as he might, it baffled both patience and perseverance.

Captain Swart told him that once he knew something of the “aggravating study” himself, but time and tide had knocked it pretty well out of him. As for Mr. Frankfort, nice man as he was, Tommy told himself with a forlorn little giggle, that he might as well ask a mackerel or a bluefish about a question in algebra.

"Yet I *won't* go to school without knowing how to work that out!" muttered Tommy.

He wished he had started before, but now off he raced, book, paper, and pencil all by him. He would scud up to the night-school building, and get Mr. Sudbury to help him.

He nearly missed his man. "Fortunate you were not half a minute later," Mr. Sudbury said. "I should have cleared Cornhill Road by that time."

He was already at the door, but both went back to the schoolroom, and for nearly an hour Tommy bent to his task, for Mr. Sudbury wanted to do no more than merely start him in the right direction.

At ten o'clock Tommy could demonstrate or explain the example perfectly. His face was one broad, triumphant grin, as he tucked book and pad under his arm and started away, after thanking Mr. Sudbury as heartily as he knew how. "I hated to call myself beat," he said.

"Never be beaten, Tommy Joy, as long as

any one is willing to help you," Mr. Sudbury replied, "and remember, almost any one who can is willing to aid a boy who is in earnest about wanting to learn."

The master was nearly as pleased as the boy himself at Tommy's success.

On the way back to the wharf, Tommy began wondering if he could work out the example again without looking at the way he had done it. Into the ferry-house he darted, and under a gas jet went to work again.

He ran against what he called a "hitch" in one place, but shortly before eleven o'clock he knew there would be no trouble in placing it on the blackboard if required.

He set off for the wharf hopeful and happy, but kept lingering to look at the lights on the water, for the moon had risen, and sent a shining track across the sea, and Tommy, who some time before had made up his mind that the world was beautiful, thought here was a fresh glory to delight his eyes.

Suddenly he stopped short, and looked in

amazement at an object directly before him.

"Hullo," said another boy.

"Hullo," said Tommy Joy.

"Where you going?" asked the strange boy.

"Going to where I sleep," said Tommy Joy.

"Round here?"

"Yes, I have a jolly bunk on the *Peggy Lane*."

"The *Peggy Lane*?"

"Yes, a tugboat moored right here at Merchant's Wharf."

"Couldn't I sleep there, too, to-night?"

Tommy Joy opened wide his eyes. Here was a lad of about his own age, in an overcoat "such as the swells wear," Tommy thought, polished boots, a hat of the latest style, and holding a costly-looking bag, "and asking a night's lodging aboard the tug," again thought Tommy.

"I mean it," said the other boy, for it oc-

curred to Tommy Joyce at mention of the tug-boat that there would be just the place for him to hide and yet not be way beyond the reach of home. Ah, he had already weakened on going so "far, far away."

"There isn't any other bunk to spare," said Tommy Joy. "And won't your folks get scared if you stay out all night?"

"My folks won't see me for a long, long time," replied the stranger. "They didn't treat me fair and I left."

"Ho, run away?"

"Yes, and I won't go back, either!"

"Isn't your father alive, or your mother?"

Now it had not occurred to Tommy Joyce to tell a lie about things until this question was asked, but in the foolish books he had read the dashing boys of roving habits usually complained of a cruel uncle or a heartless aunt who made their young lives miserable, and whose wretched treatment was not to be endured, so now he said in a low, sad tone:

"I had to live with a hard, cruel uncle.

He nearly starved me and did not want me round, so now I'm going to work my way, and never go back to him again."

Tommy thought a moment: "Isn't there some one else you can go to?" he asked.

"Alas, no!" said the strange boy, in story-book style. "I am all alone, but I have some money that's my own, and I'll pay you if you'll help me out."

"I don't want any pay, but you can come aboard the *Peggy Lane* if you want to, and in the morning I'll show you over the boat."

"That'll be nice," said Tommy Joyce.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOMMY JOY AND TOMMY JOYCE

WHEN Tommy Joyce found that the pleasant-faced lad who had helped him aboard the tugboat was going to sleep in a wooden arm-chair for the sake of his having a bed, all the "gentleman" in him awoke and arose.

"No, sir!" he said, "I turn no other boy out of his bed to let me in. I'm glad to stay here, and just you give me the chair, and I'll snooze away like everything. I'm awfully tired."

Yes, after the excitement of running away, and the long, lonely, chilly walk of over two miles, the mild warmth from the engine felt very good, and even the hard wooden chair in the quiet place looked inviting.

Captain Swart and two "hands" were so

sound asleep in bunks on the other side of the cabin that the whispering of the two boys did not disturb them.

It was finally settled that Tommy Joyce — the other Tommy would have it so — should occupy the bunk that night, and Tommy Joy the next.

Whatever Tommy Joy thought of the coming of this new boy, he was glad to have him around. It was something new and agreeable to have a companion of his own age even for a little while.

“Merciful! What a bed!” thought the boy of a rich father, as, half-undressed, he crept under the gray blankets and laid down in the hard, unyielding bunk. Yet in a few moments he was fast asleep, and so was the cheerful lad in the armchair.

The boys awoke in the early dawn, and Tommy Joy explained that he should start for school immediately after his breakfast.

“I help clear up the schoolroom,” he said, “and get a little pay for it. How should you

like a sail on the tug if the captain will take you? ”

The new Tommy caught eagerly at the idea, but when Tommy Joy asked Captain Swart about it, he said no, it was too uncertain when he should start or return.

“Then stay on the wharf till I get back from school,” said Tommy Joy. “There, here’s Mr. Frankfort,” he added; “he’s a first-rate man to talk with!” and scudding to the wharf, he had told Mr. Frankfort in two minutes all about Tommy Joyce, his cruel uncle, his escape from him, and his determination to stay away. “I didn’t want to be mean,” Tommy went on, “so I helped him all I could.” Then he beckoned to Tommy Joyce to join him.

Mr. Frankfort looked the boy over, noticed that he did not want to look him right in the eye, and said, simply:

“You can sit down on this chunk of timber if you like, young man, and for a little while I can keep you company.”

Tommy had begun telling that he wanted to get off somewhere and find something to do, when Mr. Frankfort, happening to turn his head, saw a policeman beckon to him, then immediately hide behind a post.

Getting up quietly, he said: "Excuse me, lad, but I've business that will take me away a moment or two, but I'll soon be back," and he lumbered out of sight.

Now, strange as it may seem, the boy born to luxury and soft living, instead of despising everything he saw at the wharf, and spurning the coarse living and common ways, rather enjoyed it all. It is not at all likely he would have enjoyed it long, but it had amused him when Tommy Joy led him to the tin basin, and let him wipe his face on one end of his clean towel. Nor did he dislike the plain biscuit and hot, creamless coffee Tommy was able to offer him.

Captain Swart did not notice him particularly. If he thought in a vague way that young Joy had picked up an uncommonly

spruce-looking companion for a day or so, a school chum possibly, that was about as far as he got in his observations.

And now, sitting on a huge block of wood at the junction of two piers, the boy felt contented and full of a kind of sweet revenge, inwardly chuckling to think how completely he had come it over his father, and escaped that old military man, his school, his plain living, and his rules.

But when the breakfast bell had rung that morning in the Joyce mansion, and in a few moments it was discovered that Tommy's bed had not been slept in, and when the note to his mother had been seen and read, Mr. Joyce went at once to police headquarters, and a search was begun which in an hour's time had resulted in Mr. Frankfort's being beckoned away.

"Who's the kid you were talking with?" asked the officer.

"Don't know his name, and don't believe his story," answered the burly man.

“What’s his story?”

“Pretends he’s cleared out because an uncle was cruel to him. Talks about going farther and taking care of himself, and, oh, land o’ liberty!” — the big man’s voice swelled with amusement — “all dressed in broadcloth, with hands as fine and white as my lady’s, and a gold ring on. Gracious, what a young noodle!”

“All right, keep him where he is half an hour or so, will you? Glance round now and then, and when I beckon again, ‘come sing to me, my lad.’”

“Very well, I’ll tune up in time. Fortunate I haven’t other fish to fry this morning, but, as it is, I’ll help find him,” and Mr. Frankfort smiled knowingly.

Tommy Joyce beamed on him as he again, with some puffing, got down beside him on the wharf. Then the dockman began an account of things he had seen aboard different vessels, and the strange boy, it appeared, could

give very good attention to anything that interested him.

It seemed a long time before the policeman again appeared, and Mr. Frankfort had glanced around many times, when at last he saw him beckoning.

"I must be excused another few moments," he said to Tommy, "but you better sit right here unless you're getting tired. I'll come back presently."

Tommy said he was not tired the least bit, and Mr. Frankfort trundled away.

Ah, a gentleman was with the policeman this time, so fine, cultivated looking a man that Mr. Frankfort thought shrewdly to himself:

"Oho, young skip-um's father! Whatever a young gump of a boy wanted to run away from him for is a mystery. Reckon he's a hard young ticket!"

"My friend, could I have a short talk with you?" asked Mr. Joyce, as the pleasant-faced dockman came up to him.

“Certainly, sir, glad to be at your service,” was the polite reply. Mr. Joyce thanked him and added:

“Suppose we walk up the street a little way,” and, turning to the policeman, he said:

“Please keep your eye on the boy, but try not to let him see you.” Then speaking carefully, but not attempting to hide the truth, Mr. Joyce told Mr. Frankfort something of the trouble he was in, that his young son fretted under all restraint, would not study, would not remain at school, and had foolishly left his good home the night before to escape attending an academy where he had made arrangements to place him.

“His mother knows he is safe,” Mr. Joyce went on, “but I do not think it best to take him home just yet. Unfortunately, I met the gentleman this morning who is at the head of the military academy, and, seeing from my manner that something unpleasant had happened, he asked plainly if the bird had flown. I replied that I hoped he would be on hand

at train-time, but the master said that he thought it might be as well for him to wait and enter his school a little later on. I have the impression that he may have heard something that led him to speak in that way. Could you keep the boy around here a day or two, and see he is safe? I will make it worth your while."

"I think I can," Mr. Frankfort replied, kindly, for he felt the sorrow in this fine man's voice. "I'll have him aboard a fishing vessel, and see he has a good bunk at night, and plenty to eat, such as 'tis. The young man-child must be saved at all costs."

Mr. Joyce suddenly put out his hand and grasped Mr. Frankfort's great, honest paw. Here was a man with a rough, seaman-like appearance, but a heart evidently as tender as a woman's, and, oh, how beautifully welcome his fatherly words at this trying time!

"Lord bless you, sir, don't take things too hard," Mr. Frankfort blurted out, as Mr. Joyce turned his head away. "Children

come into the world with different natures, course they do, stands to reason they've got to! Your boy's bright as a button. He'll wriggle into line all right one of these days; course he will!

"Now there's a Tommy-boy been living round this wharf for years, just the age of your son, and the very little man that, as luck would have it, your boy met and made up to last night. He's sweet by nature. Hungry to learn, too. A poor little fatherless, motherless chap that must have good blood in his veins. I don't much believe the youngster could do anything wrong; leastwise, he never does.

"Why, when I advised it, he took to going to night-school last year when he was going on twelve years. He could read a little then, but now, after a year and a half, when he's just getting up to thirteen, he's in the public schools, and coming on famously."

"What is his name?"

"He's Tommy Joy, sir."

“ Ah, and my son is Tommy Joyce.”

Mr. Frankfort beamed genially. “ You don’t say!” he exclaimed, softly. “ Must be they’ll come out pretty even some day, with names so much alike.”

But Mr. Joyce did not smile. He only said, in sad, dejected tones: “ I surely hope you are a true prophet, and that my dear boy will come out all right before long.”

Mr. Frankfort pondered. The two men were sauntering up Bond Street, and for a few moments both were silent. Then Mr. Frankfort spoke slowly, and as if doubtful how his words would be received:

“ Do you think, sir, you should be willing to send your Tommy to sea, that is, if just the right man could be found to trust him with? ”

“ I have thought of it, but I fear his mother would never consent to the idea.”

“ Wouldn’t he be better off sailing off out of harm’s way than staying on land cutting up his didoes? ”

“*I* think he would decidedly! Do you know of any such man as you just spoke of?”

“Yes, and as good and fair a shipmaster as ever stood. He starts for the Spanish coast, let’s see, — bless me, it’s to-morrow! Runs across the Atlantic after stopping at the Indies, sails into the Bay of Cadiz, stays in port usually several weeks, then does consid’rable cruising. Of course, it’s a sailing vessel, and you’d have to count on five or six months’ absence, that is, if the boy got a chance to sail.

“But Captain Warren is about as fine a pattern of an all-around man as I ever knew, and I’ve known some men in my day. Of course, he’s master aboard his own craft, and doesn’t stand any disobedience, but he couldn’t be cruel, ’t isn’t in him, but he knows how to rule, and it might be your boy would chafe consid’rable under his management, yet it might be the making of him.

“Why, I know a man who paid him a thousand dollars to take his young son acrost to

India. Begged him with tears in his eyes to let him go. Warren wasn't as well off then as he must be now, and the offer tempted him. That chap hadn't any mother, and was running to ruin about as fast as he could tear. Well, sir, at the end of a year, he brought back about as nice a little gentleman as you could ask to see, and he's stayed a gentleman, too."

"Where could I see this Captain Warren?"

"He'll most likely be on his vessel now over at Tea Wharf."

"Do you think the Joy boy would be willing to take a voyage if I could make arrangements with the captain to take them both?"

"Oh, I think not, sir. There isn't a better contented little tike in the city than that Tommy Joy. It's true, he's tremendously fond of the sea, but, as I told you, he is making splendid headway at school; he sleeps on the *Peggy Lane* at night, the tugboat your young son slept on last night; afternoons he does

errands for any one he can, and Saturdays he's around with some college lads who make a good deal of him, give him presents, and pay him well for what he does.

"Altogether the plucky man-child picks up enough to swim along with very happily. I predict Tommy Joy will be a well-off man one of these days."

Mr. Joyce sighed. No father, no mother, no settled home, poor, picking up his own living, yet happy, industrious, contented, and good. A fortunate boy, after all!

"I begin to wish very much," Mr. Joyce said, "that my son could have this schoolboy for a mate for the next few months, that is, if it can be out of the way of temptation and under the best of care. I will try to see Captain Warren right away, then meet you again, and see how our plans can work. My boy would certainly be much better contented could he have this other Tommy for company."

Mr. Joyce left a sum of money, with which

Mr. Frankfort was to get plenty of food for both boys. It would be easy enough to keep Tommy Joyce at the wharf.

At the end of an hour, Captain Warren had agreed to take the two Tommys to sea at Mr. Joyce's terms, and have them given regular lessons each day by the first mate, an unusually scholarly man, who was to be well paid for it.

Then Mr. Joyce succeeded in seeing Mr. Frankfort again, and the great-hearted man promised to do his best in persuading Tommy Joy to take the voyage, especially as Mr. Joyce promised to do well by the boy if he would consent to his plans.

"He never dreams how I'll miss my Tommy-boy," murmured Mr. Frankfort, as Mr. Joyce turned away.

On the way home, Mr. Joyce felt greatly depressed, fearing in the first place that his wife would not listen to Tommy's taking the voyage, and in the next place that the other

Tommy would not consent to leave his school, his friends, nor the beloved wharf.

“My great hope,” he murmured, “lies in the fact that Tommy Joy is ‘tremendously fond of the sea.’”

CHAPTER XV.

THE PROPOSAL

MRS. JOYCE had been told that Tommy had strayed down to the wharves, but was safe and unharmed. But what would she say of the arrangements that the boy's father had so hastily made?

Yet, in thinking them over, Mr. Joyce only strongly hoped that they might be carried out. Captain Warren had not been at all anxious to take the lads; in fact, had only yielded after considerable persuasion on Mr. Joyce's part. And the captain undoubtedly was the right kind of a man.

Something had got to be done, and right away. Tommy was getting more unmanageable every day. Now, too, he had carried out his oft-repeated threat, and run away.

True, he had run in a very green, easy way, and had soon been found; the next time he would probably run farther and into greater danger. If he was put to school, there was small reason to believe he would ever stay long.

He could not run away at sea. Captain Warren had said he should not lay rough hands on the boy, at the same time he would be made to obey. He also said that, although the boys would be under his care and special control, they would be to a great extent under the teaching and direction of the first mate, a scholarly man, who would give them regular lessons every day. They also would be required, probably under the second mate, to attend to certain duties on shipboard, which they would not be allowed to neglect.

All this Mr. Joyce considered would be just what was needed, regular, firm, wholesome requirements, good for any boy.

It was pretty hard telling Tommy's mother the plain story: that the lad had wandered

down to Merchant's Wharf, had fallen, fortunately, into good hands, had made up the story about his cruel uncle, and expressed his desire to stay away from what had been his home.

At first Mrs. Joyce would not believe that Tommy had made up such a falsehood. Then she laughed in a nervous way, and said:

"Oh, well, I suppose the poor child spoke of the world as his uncle, and he probably does not think the world has been very kind to him."

"It has been far kinder to him in the past than it will be in the future, unless, in all fidelity, we find some way to make him change his course," was Mr. Joyce's reply.

Then, with gentleness and firmness, he unfolded the plans that with every moment he became more determined to carry through if possible. He described Mr. Frankfort, described the sweet-tempered boy who had befriended their Tommy, led up gradually to

his visit to Captain Warren, and his decision to have Tommy take the voyage.

“ And is Tommy to be forced away? ” cried Mrs. Joyce.

“ No, he is to be given his choice, but not until the last moment.”

“ When does the vessel sail? ”

“ To-morrow, and I am thankful our decision must be made at once, but let me tell you our plan.

“ I am extremely desirous that that other lad whom our Tommy has fallen in with should take the voyage with him. He is an orphan child that for years has run about the docks, is bright, industrious, and has a splendid little nature of his own. Mr. Frankfort, an honest, fatherly man, assures me our boy could not have a more desirable companion for the next few months than this Tommy Joy. I am only afraid he cannot be induced to take the trip, as he is in the public schools, where he is forging ahead with rapidity, and

is a great favorite with some college men who are befriending him."

Mr. Joyce had been afraid his wife would scorn the idea of this waif of the wharf becoming a friend of her son; but the name caught her attention and for a moment amused her.

" 'Tommy Joy,' " she repeated, smiling, "that is funny. He only needs two more letters to his name to be another Tommy Joyce."

Mr. Joyce followed up the smile. "I wish you could see what a fine man Captain Warren appears," he said, "and his first mate, a man of superior scholarship, is to teach the boys as regularly as if they were in school." He then repeated the story of the unruly, motherless boy, who, after a long voyage, returned quite another lad.

"Now, wife," he added, kindly, "I want you to give your consent to having this plan carried out. I want to be able to tell Tommy that it meets with your approval."

At first the mother could not bring her

mind to saying she was willing Tommy should go, especially as Mr. Joyce insisted it was far better that she should not see him before he sailed.

“Remember how kind and gallant he was to you night before last,” he said. “But as sure as you go to the vessel to-morrow, there will be a scene which will result in our being obliged to bring Tommy home with us. Captain Warren will certainly refuse to consent to taking him again, and what my next course will be I’m sure I don’t know.”

Mrs. Joyce winced a little at a note of desperation in the last remark. “How are you going to manage?” she asked.

“Captain Warren is going to invite the two Tommys to take a sail on his vessel, the *Susie Sinclair*, when she is towed down the harbor to-morrow morning, and Mr. Frankfort means to arrange to go with them also. Tommy Joy is to know all about the plan of taking the voyage, as no one would wish him to go except of his own free will. I have tried

to make it an object to him to consent, and only hope the boy will do so.

“ I am to be on the *Susie Sinclair* when she sets sail, but Tommy will not know it. Just before the tug is to return, I shall make my appearance, and say to Tommy that, as he does not wish to remain at home any longer, and is unwilling to attend school or do anything his parents think best, that to prevent his running into greater danger or growing up ignorant and ungovernable, we have decided to send him on a sea voyage, where he can have a very pleasant, happy time, or a very miserable one. If he is turbulent and utterly unwilling to go, I shall not make him, but I think that, with Tommy Joy for company, and the way I shall put things before him, he will choose to take the voyage. Now what do you say? ”

After all, Mrs. Joyce was a mother, with a mother's heart. She desired the best good of her boy, and could no longer shut her eyes to the truth. Tommy was idle, rude, bound

to have his own way, and, if he came home, it would only be to plunge into fresh trouble. So she half-sobbed:

"I don't want my Tommy to be a bad boy. I don't want him to keep running away. I can't tell what I suffered this morning when I found he was gone. I imagined him hurt, killed, oh, everything dreadful! But to have him go to sea! And for five or six months, do you say?"

"Yes, they sail for Spain, not so very long a voyage; but wouldn't you rather know he was in good hands almost anywhere than running into unknown dangers?"

"Yes, if it has come to that, I suppose I would."

"Well, it has come to that."

They talked the matter over a little longer, Mr. Joyce setting forth the advantages he sincerely believed would come of the arrangements he had been able to make.

When Mr. Joyce started out with a long list of things he was to purchase for the two

Tommys, Mrs. Joyce was beginning sincerely to hope that Tommy Joy would consent to keep her boy company.

Meantime Mr. Frankfort was showing Tommy Joyce over the fishing-vessel, thinking what a manly boy he appeared. He asked questions that Tommy Joy could have answered years ago, but that was not to be wondered at considering their different circumstances.

"I believe I'd like to go to sea," said Tommy.

"You've no idea how interesting 'twould be," Mr. Frankfort replied, with an inward smile.

The hard task loomed at noon when Tommy Joy came bounding to the wharf, jingling some pennies earned on the way from school, and a paper of baker's cookies in his hand.

"Great luck!" exclaimed Tommy. "Carried a basket of apples to the ferry, and got

ten cents for it. Come and dine! Oh, come and dine!"

"But you're invited to a fancy lay-out aboard the fishing-boat," said Mr. Frankfort; "and this young swell, he's a-coming, too."

"Don't call me a swell," objected Tommy Joyce. "I just want to stay around here, and be like the rest of the people on the wharf. Don't you see how I'm enjoying myself?"

"All right," agreed Mr. Frankfort; "let's have our tifficky little lunch, then I must have a little talk with my young pardner here, Mr. Joy."

After the rather mixed but abundant food provided by the young runaway's father, it seemed only the most natural thing in the world that Mr. Frankfort should want to talk with Tommy Joy awhile, so while the other boy picked his way around the boat, Mr. Frankfort went to the wharf, Tommy Joy at his heels.

"Always can talk better perched on the pier," said the big man.

“Me, too,” said Tommy Joy.

Mr. Frankfort was silent for a moment after they were cosily seated, then he jerked his thumb over toward the fishing-boat:

“That one hasn’t run away from any cruel uncle, Tommy-boy.”

“H’m! Knew that all the time, that is, nearly all,” said Tommy.

“Well now, how?”

“Oh, just at first he took me in, but soon as I got on to his style I guessed most like he had a good home, but got riled and stepped out.”

“Well now, that’s true as you’re born, my lad! I’ve seen his father,” Mr. Frankfort almost whispered, “and you must keep whist about it, little Joy, but that young rascal has run a pretty rig! Been sent home from school two or three times with invitations not to come back again, and found out his father was going to take him to a military school, where ’twas pretty certain he couldn’t get away, so out he bolts at night, wanders down to Mer-

chant's Wharf, falls in with a good sort of lad, and gets a bunk.

"Well, Tommy, his father knows just where he is. I've seen him and talked with him, just as fair and good a man as ever stood."

"Queer," remarked Tommy.

"Ain't it, though? Look what you'd 'a' given for that young limb's chances. And yet, I think there's the makings of a fine laddie in the boy, after all."

"Yes, he's a gentleman," remarked Tommy, sagely.

"How did you find that out?"

"Oh, he has ways just like Mr. Sudbury, Mr. Gage, and Mr. Lon Carver. He eats from the end of his fork, and uses his hands graceful like. I can't 'xplain 'xactly how 'tis, but he's got folks, fine ones, too."

"'There's been a big mistake somewhere," Mr. Frankfort whispered, mysteriously. "Guess there's been too long a line, too much money, lots of babying and coddling, then

when it comes to pulling in the strings, up jumps my lord and runs away."

"Just so," observed Tommy.

Mr. Frankfort had been whittling a stick while he was talking. Now, for fully five minutes he said never a word, but kept on whittling, stopping every little while to gaze intently across the water. All at once he turned to the quiet figure at his side, and asked in a sprightly way:

"I say, Tommy-boy, how should you like to take a sea voyage, sail away — oh, to Spain, perhaps, take a long look at the water, and see a new land?"

Tommy had been taking a far-away look across the sea. He still had the far-away look, as he replied, indifferently:

"Oh, one these days, when I get through school, and may be, just may be, college, I'd like to take a peek around the world first-rate, but now I'm pretty well fixed, and no Spain, nor Turkey, nor Greece for me, thank you."

This was discouraging, but Mr. Frankfort whittled a little harder and tried again.

"Sometimes things is curious, Tommy. They come about unexpected, but 't isn't best ever to decide things in a hurry. It's better to weigh all sides of a question, as you might say. Now s'posing a sea voyage could do more for you for 'bout six months or so than your regular schooling, you'd take it, of course."

Mr. Frankfort spoke in so matter-of-fact a way, as if merely arguing a point for the sake of arguing, that Tommy replied in the same matter-of-fact, unsuspecting way:

"No sea voyage could do more for me than school is doing. One of the deck-hands on the *Peggy Lane* is all the time talking 'bout his sweetheart. One day he said: 'The old *Peggy Lane's* my sweetheart,' — school's mine!"

The whittling stopped while Mr. Frankfort searched about for a new tack:

“ Still, they say there’s nothin’ educates you like observing things, Mister Joy.”

Tommy threw up his hands in tragic style:

“ True, oh, true, that’s why I’m observing my school-books, and things round the college, and on the jolly Merchant’s Wharf at the rate I’m a-doing!”

CHAPTER XVI.

TOMMY DECIDES

IT seemed a hopeless case trying to catch Tommy except by telling the story out and out, yet it seemed better to ask one more indirect question:

“Well now, s’posing, lad, just s’posing, that by giving up school-going, but keeping up school lessons and taking a sea trip, you could help rescue another man-child?”

At that Tommy grew suspicious. Looking Mr. Frankfort sharply in the face, he asked:

“What you driving at?”

Mr. Frankfort coughed, and looked the other way.

“Well, you see, Tommy lad, you’re pretty dear to me. I’ve seen you toddle and skip crost this wharf ever since you was knee-high

to a button. And I've been more tickled with all this school business, and the college men taking to you, and all that, than I could possibly tell of.

"Now, here comes this father of another Tommy-lad, that loves his boy, well, I really s'pose he loves him better than I do you, because, you see, he's his own born child; nothing like your own born child, Tommy. But this other cust'mer, he's a case! Doesn't want to mind anybody, won't mind anybody, just wants to lord it over every living soul he sees, — parents, teachers, servants, ev'rybody!

"Of course this won't do. And because the youngster finds out that he is to be taken care of, out he clears. Policemen find him quick enough, then comes his father, a real *a-ris-to*-crat, — that means a high-born sort, Tommy, with brains of his own, and ideas he got from his daddy and his granddaddy and way back of them, — and he asks of a poor dockman, does this high-stock gentleman, what can he do with his unruly son.

“ I spoke of the sea, and Captain Warren, — by the way, Tommy, the very craft you’ve been wishing you could go aboard of, — then I took to bragging about you. That’s where all the trouble come in, Tommy dear. I told what a scholar you was, and was going to keep on being, and how you’d always behaved yourself, and what does this rich man do but off he goes to Captain Warren, offers no end of money to have him take two boys to sea, and gets your poor old Uncle Frankfort to urge you to go with this Tommy swell for company.”

Mr. Frankfort’s voice grew husky: “ It strikes me hard, boy, strikes me hard, but, if the Joyce lad was my man-child, I’d go the length of the earth, if I had to, to set him right. That’s why I’m willing to give you up.”

Tommy’s mind acted swiftly, taking in the whole outlook. His young voice swelled with a certain hurt, as he asked:

“ So you think I ought to give up school,

and go to sea, to help a bad boy get good? Is that just, Mr. Frankfort? ”

The dignity as well as the intelligence of the question both pleased and grieved the kind-hearted dock-master.

“ Now, Tommy, a judge on the bench couldn't 'a' asked a reason'bler question than that. But do you think I'd ever recommend anything that hadn't your good in it? You haven't heard it all, boy, you haven't heard it all! There's a scholar of a man aboard the *Susie Sinclair*, the first mate, is going to give regular lessons to both you boys. Mr. Joyce has left money for you to buy the books you're studying, all you want of them. And he tells me, does Mr. Joyce, that some men pay big salaries to have their boys 'tootored,' he called it, that is, they pay big sums to have one man boost one boy along in his lessons.

“ And that isn't all! that isn't all! You and the other Tommy are to sail for Spain, go ashore with the mate, see strange sights, have

money to spend for pretty things, and go to jolly entertainments.

“And there’s still more, Tommy, there’s still more!”

Mr. Frankfort’s voice grew cheerier and full of pleasant promise:

“Mr. Joyce, he says that if you’ll go on this trip with his son he’ll keep an eye on you, help you along, and see that you keep on studying. Think of that, Tommy-boy, ‘keep on studying!’ Why, I shouldn’t wonder if it meant college for sure. At any rate, a rich man will be your friend. Bless me, I don’t believe there’s a chap in town unless he’s rich himself would refuse such a chance. Go in, child, go in, I say, and reap all the good you can!”

For answer, Tommy turned slowly around, and asked a question that both touched and pleased his companion:

“Where do you come in?”

Mr. Frankfort swallowed suddenly, but replied:

“I’m just thinking of you, Tommy, and that other lad. Never you mind about me. I keep awful busy, you know. It isn’t wise to let a spanking good offer go by for bettering yourself. You better see Mr. Sudbury, and get his advice. I know it beforehand. Then see the schoolmaster, get a list of books needed, and I’ll see they get aboard the *Susie Sinclair* all right.

“To-morrow morning Captain Warren invites you and young Joyce to sail on the *Susie* while Captain Swart tows her out. No danger but the other boy will accept. Mr. Joyce is going to have a trunk put aboard the vessel in the morning with a complete sea rig in it for two lads. He thinks he’ll manage his boy without difficulty when the time comes. He’ll be aboard, but you mustn’t let the other Tommy know it.”

“His father takes it for pretty certain that I’ll go,” said Tommy, still speaking dubiously.

“He appeared to reckon on your being a

tol'rably sensible lad," returned Mr. Frankfort.

"P'r'aps I better go see Mr. Sudbury," said Tommy, getting up and moving slowly away.

"Here, take this money; you may want to use most of it before you get back," and Mr. Frankfort handed out a roll of bills that Tommy carefully tucked away.

But if Tommy of the wharf went away with slow step and a sober face early in the afternoon, he came back toward evening at a brisk pace and with his usual merry, beaming countenance. Moreover, he brought with him a heavy package of books, neatly done up in thick wrapping-paper and with a convenient handle caught in the stout twine.

Mr. Frankfort was still at the wharf, and hailed him as he hurried along.

"Brought the books, didn't you, sonny?"

"Yes; Mr. Sudbury said 'twas 'the chance of a lifetime!' Mr. Gage came into the room while we were talking, and he said no matter

what took me 'abroad,' I had the very dandy of an op'tunity to see a lot, learn a lot, and improve a lot. He talked fine! He said troops of men wished all their lives they could go across the ocean, but never could.

"Then I went to see Mr. Fowler, my schoolmaster. He said I'd better go, though he was sorry to miss me out of the class. He said I needn't lose a lesson, but could get ahead of the class if I chose. And he went with me to the store, and picked out all the books I'd want. He was jolly kind!"

Then Tommy asked, with some concern in his voice:

"Say, you don't s'pose that other boy'll kick up Cæsar, do you, when he finds he's got to mind and study and all that?"

Mr. Frankfort's round face broke into a broad smile.

"Shouldn't be a bit s'prised if there was a circus or two at first, but the lad isn't a fool, and I've an idea that when he finds himself cornered, stuck where he can't get away, and

no use to raise any extry breeze, he'll give in and behave beautifully. You see, there's good blood somewheres in his little corp'ration, and sooner or later it's bound to tell."

Then Mr. Frankfort took charge of the books, and Tommy ran aboard the tugboat.

On the fishing-vessel, Mr. Frankfort found that Tommy Joyce was already in his bunk and fast asleep, a finely embroidered ruffle curling about his white neck.

"He's a dainty young fowl to go sailing the seas away from his mother," whispered the big man, a twinge of pity arising in his heart, "but I declare he'd better have a knock or two than be spoiled outright, and he, nothing but a fledgeling. I'd say it of my own boy."

Half an hour more and there was not a soul awake either on the fishing-smack or the *Peggy Lane*. But aboard the *Susie Sinclair*, Mr. Joyce was taking leave of Captain Warren. The two men had talked another hour. The captain had received money enough to

give the two Tommys all the fun and amusement it was best they should have when on land, and the first mate was duly engaged to teach the lads.

The closely packed trunk was to be sent aboard early in the morning, and Captain Warren said he had games, a few story-books, and puzzles in the cabin. When Mr. Joyce proposed sending a box of confectionery with the trunk, the captain said no.

"There will be good, wholesome food in plenty," he added, "but plain, simple fare in the main is best for young boys, yet that doesn't mean there won't be luxuries enough and occasional treats aboard ship, because there will be."

"I sha'n't talk with my man-child until shortly before leaving the vessel to-morrow morning," said Mr. Joyce, almost unconsciously borrowing Mr. Frankfort's expression, and speaking in a depressed tone.

"Perhaps that will be best, sir," Captain Warren replied, "but I think you will see

a fine, obedient lad, and also a healthier-looking one than he is now, springing to greet you when the *Susie Sinclair* comes sailing back from the Spanish main. I've caught a glimpse of the boy."

"Oh, I hope so," said the father, as he went carefully down the ship's ladder to the wharf.

CHAPTER XVII.

AFLOAT

THE next morning when Mr. Frankfort gave Captain Warren's invitation to the boys, it was accepted in high spirits.

"Been wanting to board that ship ever since she landed," said Tommy Joy.

"Do vessels land?" asked the other Tommy, with a boyish shrug.

"No, they come up alongside," said the wharf lad.

"Both you urchins has cut your eye-teeth," said Mr. Frankfort, meaning one was as bright as the other.

It was still early when they started for the great vessel, Tommy Joyce taking his travelling-bag, as Mr. Frankfort said he had bet-

ter not leave it around on the fishing-boat, and they all three away.

At the end of the next pier the boys were handed up to the vessel, a couple of sailors catching hold of them at the end of the short ladder. There the little party stood on deck watching the *Peggy Lane* swishing close to the great ship.

There was considerable shouting, a good deal of running to and fro, and at last the captain called: "Loosen your fasts!" There was a straining of ropes, a clanking of chains, the *Peggy Lane* puffed and steamed and whistled, and slowly, very slowly at first, the *Susie Sinclair* put out to sea.

Mr. Frankfort pointed out certain things as they glided along, and Captain Warren paused to shake hands with the boys, and give them a word of welcome, looking them sharply over as he did so. Then he beckoned to his first mate, Mr. Waters, to whom he introduced the boys, a tall, soldierly looking man with whom both lads enjoyed talking.

Next a sailor came along, and, knowing nothing of the true state of affairs, sung out:

“Hullo, shipmates! Bound for the land of the Spaniard, are you?”

“I wish we were,” said Tommy Joyce.

They steamed along for a couple of hours. Rolls, cold meat, cakes, preserves, and coffee were served in the dining-saloon. Then there seemed to be some confusion. Mr. Frankfort went up the companionway or cabin stairs, made a salute to Tommy Joy which the other boy did not see, and disappeared.

After a few moments Tommy Joyce strolled into the main cabin, where, to his intense surprise, he found himself face to face with his father!

“Why, papa!” faltered the boy, as a troubled frown stole over his face, “why, papa, I suppose you’ve come to take me home.”

“And what then?” asked his father, with a smile.

“I don’t want to go.”

“Rather go to sea?”

The sharp boy wondered on the instant if this had all been planned. If so, he was going to stay “game” if he died for it.

“Yes, sir.”

Tommy spoke proudly and without hesitation, although his young face flushed and his hands shut tight. His father thought he looked quite like a little man.

“Did you know where I was all the time, papa?”

“Not quite all, but we — the police and I — soon found you. As you appeared contented and happy, it seemed best to let you alone. And as no dear child of mine shall spoil his whole life by waywardness and recklessness, if I can help it, mamma and I have decided on one of two things to be done, — you can, if you like, take this voyage to Spain.”

“Does mamma want me to go?” Tommy’s voice was just the least bit shaky, as he put the question.

"She gives her consent to your going. We neither of us exactly want you to go, my boy, but it will be either this or a school in the country, where escape will be made impossible."

"I'd rather go to sea," said Tommy, brightening.

"I feel sure you would enjoy it better. You can have a very enjoyable time if you choose, but there will be hours for study and rules to obey. You will be under the care of the captain mainly, yet the first mate is to act as your teacher, and will see that your lessons are not neglected. Remember, Tommy, they have no fooling about obedience on shipboard! I am delighted that you want to take the voyage, but there will be no coaxing or begging about the matter of minding, no one to run to for pity or petting if you offend the captain or the other officers."

Tommy gasped. "Are you all going back on the tug, you and Mr. Frankfort and Tommy Joy?"

“No, Tommy Joy has been induced to go with you. I have had to see and talk with Captain Warren and Mr. Frankfort, as you must know, but until this morning I have not seen Tommy Joy, and now have only caught a glimpse of him. A remarkably nice boy, I am told. He gives up school, where he was getting on grandly, and at my desire goes on the voyage. This other boy will doubtless be studious and obedient. I hope my boy will do as well.”

A look of the old defiance flickered over the lad's handsome young face.

“I reckon I'll get on well enough,” he said. “I'm willing to study some.”

“Well, remember, mother and I will be thinking of you constantly, and trusting you are doing well and are happy. There goes the whistle, I must start for the tug. Captain Warren will write to me when he can and report progress. I suppose you send your love to mamma.”

"Yes, oh, yes," said Tommy, stiffening, as his father put an arm around him.

Suddenly the boy threw both arms around his father, snuggled his face in his neck, and half-sobbed:

"I reckon I'll come out all right. I—I sha'n't forget you and mamma. I'm awful glad the Joy boy goes with me."

A second whistle sounded from the tug, and Mr. Joyce turned away. As he stood on the *Peggy Lane*, he said to Mr. Frankfort:

"I'm very glad my boy did not once say he did not wish to go to sea."

"Oh, he'll be one of the very nicest of laddies you ever set eyes on one of these days, sir," broke out Mr. Frankfort, as if it was a relief to comfort some one else who felt the need of comfort just then.

The sputtering tug turned cityward. Tommy Joy, from the side rail of the *Susie Sinclair*, waved his handkerchief to Mr. Frankfort, who sent a red silk banner covered

with white dots — his Sunday best kerchy — fluttering in response.

But Mr. Joyce did not watch the receding vessel, neither was there any other Tommy boy looking after the running-away tug.

Tommy on the deck watched the *Peggy Lane* until she rounded a point where other vessels shut her in, and the red flag disappeared. Then he went down to the cabin, where he found Tommy Joyce; the last named boy looked pale, and had little dark rings under his eyes, but he smiled slightly, as if amused, as he said:

“ I say, my daddy came aboard to tell me good-by. Cute of him not to let on he knew what I was up to till the last minute, wasn't it? ”

“ Yes,” answered the other Tommy, dreamily, then he added, with animation, “ My sakes, but it must be great to have a father like that! I expect your mother's awfully nice, too.”

Tommy Joyce nearly choked, but there

was something he seemed in a hurry to say. He began:

“Yes, my mother’s all right, but I don’t want any one to think I’m an awful storyteller. I made up that yarn about having a cruel uncle, because I thought that old military-school man my father wanted to take me off with would be just like a cruel old uncle, but you needn’t think I tell lies about everything, Tommy Joy, because I don’t! It was real good of you to give up school and all that to come along with me. I’ll never tell you a lie as long as I live. Don’t you believe me?”

He was looking Tommy Joy squarely in the eye as he spoke, and Tommy replied with a vim:

“Of course I do! Yes, for certain!”

Then the captain found time to go to the cabin with the first mate, Mr. Waters, and both men stood around a few moments chatting with the boys, putting them at their ease, and saying they must learn to feel at home on the ship.

Nothing was said about books or lessons that day. They were free to wander about at will, seeing the strange sights, many of which were far more new to Tommy Joyce than to Tommy Joy. Good-natured sailors were glad to explain anything that neither lad quite understood.

Everything like regret was soon forgotten by both Tommys, as they roamed about, or stopped to watch the vessel go steadily on over the quiet water.

"Have you seen your staterooms?" asked Mr. Waters, as he came upon them later. "No? Then come on and let me show them."

The young voyagers were looking the next moment with pleased eyes at two small cubbies, one back of the other, with good wide berths in them, neatly spread with colored quilts; and having snowy pillow-cases. In each were three good drawers built against the wall, a wash-stand, a mirror screwed to the wall, and a comfortable chair.

"Here are some of your things," said Mr.

Waters, and, opening the drawers, he showed them underwear, stout suits, one for each, sea caps, combs, brushes, and other useful articles.

“The trunk outside against the cabin passageway,” added the mate, “contains great-coats, oilskin suits, rubber boots, and strong sou’westers. After you have used them, they must be dried, and kept in the trunk, all but the boots; they can be kept in a bit of a closet next the kitchen. Everything has to be kept in great order on the vessel; ‘shipshape,’ we call it. No great amount of room to ‘house-keep’ on board, so order is one prime rule. You boys will be taught to make up your beds, dust your rooms, keep them tidy and free from rubbish.”

Tommy Joy looked greatly pleased at all he saw and heard, and his satisfied grin showed how willingly he would do everything that was required. This smart little stateroom was a great contrast to the rough bunk that

Tommy had yet deeply prized on the tugboat *Peggy Lane*.

But, while Tommy Joy looked his pleasure and surprise at his new room, its comfortable furnishings, and his beautiful new outfit, Tommy Joyce looked surprised in another way, and almost scowled as he said:

"I don't know how to make a bed or dust a room. I've never done such things."

"You'll do them now," said the mate, calmly. "You will be shown exactly how to spread your berth, keep the dresser in order, hang up a few things on the pegs you see, and dust the few things in the stateroom. Your father has kindly provided everything needful for the comfort of both of you lads. We shall see that you take the best care of them possible."

Mr. Waters had a clear, dark eye that Tommy Joy thought said almost as much as his quiet, steady voice, and he trembled at hearing Tommy Joyce speak to him so independently. He knew a little more about ship-

masters and ship's officers than the other Tommy, and he peered shyly around to see if he would dare say any more.

But the Joyce lad was sharp-eyed himself, and had caught a look in the mate's clear eye that brought back his father's warning that there was no fooling about obedience on shipboard, and, as he did not want to begin by having trouble the very first day, he made no further reply.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A SHARP LESSON

THE next morning both lads were awakened by a loud thumping at their stateroom doors, and a brisk, jolly voice calling:

“Come, time to turn out. Breakfast in twenty minutes!”

The voice was that of Mr. Hemming, the second mate, and at once Tommy Joy bounced out of his berth, having slept in a soft bed, and such a soft, new garment as he had never known before. Then lo, another surprise!

His shabby, long-used suit had been removed while he slept, and there, on and over the chair, was a complete outfit, from collar to socks and shoes, everything that a well-clad lad would be supposed to want.

When Tommy had peeped at the smart new clothes in the side drawers, he had supposed he would wear them when the vessel reached Spain. But here were many of them spread out for immediate use.

How thoughtful of Mr. Joyce to have so quickly provided such warm, convenient, and sensible clothing!

But another great luxury first awaited Tommy. He had actually dreamed of it in the night, it had looked such a delight the evening before. Seizing a plump sponge from its snug holder, and pouring water from a pitcher held in a deep socket into the basin in its still deeper frame, he swished the cool water all over his healthy young body, plunging first one foot, then the other, into the deep basin.

He had to balance pretty shrewdly against the bit of partition between berth and washstand to perform this feat, but he managed it. Then the fresh, clean towels, a pair of them all to himself, made poor Tommy think

of riches, and the nice things money would buy.

He next proceeded to dress. Astonishing how things fitted! After his hair was neatly combed and his simple, comfortable toilet completed, Tommy wondered if there was a king in the world who felt grander than he. He had caught glimpses of himself often in mirrors before, especially at the college rooms, and when Mr. Smart had let him see himself in his first decent suit of clothes; but now, when the boy first saw himself well dressed throughout, even to turned-down, striped linen collar, and linen necktie, hair deftly curling to either side, — it *would* part in the middle, — it fairly made him blush to view himself.

“Hope I don’t look like a girl,” he muttered; “’most appears as if I did.”

All at once he began wondering about Tommy Joyce, from whom he hadn’t heard a sound, and it must be confessed he had been

so taken up with his beautiful new surroundings he had not thought of him, either.

He banged on the wall. No answer. He banged again.

"What do you want?" came sleepily from the other side.

"Oh, come, I say! Get up, Tommy. Don't you know breakfast was to be ready in twenty minutes? You'll be awful late."

"Well, I don't care. I'll get up pretty soon. What's the use in hurrying?"

"But they are partic'lar on shipboard, Tommy. I'd hurry if I were you."

"Are they? Well, I'll be ready before long. I guess the breakfast can wait. I ain't used to hurrying."

"Dear me, I wish he'd stop tellin' what he isn't used to," Tommy Joy whispered a bit impatiently to himself. It made him dread something.

A gong sounded, and the lad who stood dressed left his stateroom and went to the dining-saloon.

“Good morning, sir,” said Captain Warren, breezily, “and where is the other sailor boy?”

“I think he will be ready soon,” Tommy replied.

The breakfast of fried bacon and eggs, soft, hot biscuits, and coffee, the last given Tommy rather weak, was most delicious to the wharf boy. The captain, mates, and boatswain, or “bo’s’n,” as he was called at sea, sat at the cabin table, the two boy passengers now to be added to the list.

The meal was nearly over when Tommy Joyce walked into the saloon, head up, manner easy, carrying himself quite like a young lord. Tommy Joy could not help admiring the well-born air he thought he carried.

“You’re late,” said Captain Warren, not unpleasantly, in answer to the boy’s “Good morning.”

“Yes, I’m most always late to breakfast,” Tommy replied.

No notice was taken of this remark, Tommy

Joy wondering that no one acted as if it was heard.

As the rest of the company arose from the table, leaving Tommy Joyce to eat his breakfast alone, the captain said, mildly:

“I would like to speak to you two lads in the cabin, directly after Master Joyce finishes his breakfast.”

Nat Lorrin, the colored cook, waited upon Tommy as he had upon the rest at breakfast. When the boys entered the captain's cabin, a cheery, goodly sized room, comfortably furnished with bookcase, table, and cushioned seats running around two sides, Captain Warren told them to be seated, as he wished to tell them of the rules that would have to be observed during the voyage.

“First,” the captain began, wasting no words, “breakfast is to be served promptly at half-past seven each morning. You will be promptly roused twenty minutes before that time. Either one not present five minutes after the gong sounds will have no breakfast,

and nothing to eat until dinner-time. Dinner will be ready at half-past twelve, supper at six. Either lad more than five minutes late at either meal will have nothing to eat until the next one. You are to start for bed promptly at nine in the evening; one of the mates will remove your lights at quarter-past nine.

“Should you grow hungry during the evening, Nat Lorrin, the steward, will give you some biscuits. Nothing else will be allowed after supper. Nothing in the way of food will be allowed between breakfast and dinner, or dinner and supper.

“After breakfast, you are to go immediately to your staterooms, make up the beds, and put the rooms in perfect order. Then you can amuse yourselves as you please until nine o'clock, when Mr. Waters will give you lessons and hear recitations until twelve o'clock. These lessons will be regular, unless storm or tempest or sickness cause delay.

“From two until four o'clock in the after-

noon you are to study, and can study together if you keep quiet. After dinner until two o'clock, and after four o'clock in the afternoon until bedtime, you will be free to amuse yourselves. There are books in yonder case you are at liberty to borrow, always remembering to replace them at night. When those are gone through, the mates have some stories in their chests I dare say you would enjoy. There are several games and puzzles in that wall closet that boys always like. The sailors will teach you some deck sports you will be sure to enjoy.

“ Sunday mornings, all hands gather at ten o'clock on deck if pleasant, or in the cabin if cold or unpleasant; the Scriptures are read, prayers are repeated, and songs are sung. Every one on board is required to be present, sickness or tempest alone preventing attendance at this service.

“ That is all. The rules are few and simple, nothing hard being required. There is

only one thing to add: these rules are to be obeyed!"

Then the captain went up the companion-way, and the boys began reading some of the titles of the books. But Tommy Joy felt the rising of a cloud. While the captain was talking, he stole one or two swift glances at Tommy Joyce, and the expression on Tommy's face troubled him. He did not look cross or contrary, but as if he was thinking:

"Go on, old fellow, make all the rules you choose, but I shall do exactly as I please about keeping them."

In a few moments Mr. Hemming, the second mate, came to the cabin, saying he was ready to show the boys how to make up their beds. The boys followed him, Tommy Joyce with footsteps that lagged.

As the two staterooms were so near, the mate stood midway of each, giving careful instructions how to proceed with the berths.

"Another morning," he said, "before you leave the staterooms, remove all the clothes

from the beds, and put them over the chairs to air."

"There won't be time," objected Tommy Joyce.

"You'll find time, young man!" rejoined the mate, sharply, and turning a swift, bright glance toward the reluctant boy.

At each careful direction given, Tommy Joyce obeyed in the halting, unwilling way always irritating to an active, able man, and the mate gave more than one commanding, threatening look at the sulky boy.

At length the beds were made, and the lads directed to take the pitchers from the sockets, and be shown where to get water. Then Tommy revolted openly.

"I'm not used to carrying water," he said. "My father didn't mean I should do servants' work, I know, and I'm not going to!"

Tommy Joy shook and trembled at this show of independence, and wanted to motion Tommy not to dare answer in such a way.

But Mr. Hemming intended to do no urg-

ing, neither did he mean to lose patience at once.

“Your father is not master here,” he said, so evenly that Tommy Joy wondered at his mildness, although he felt the note of authority under it all. “Pick up your pitcher and come along,” he added.

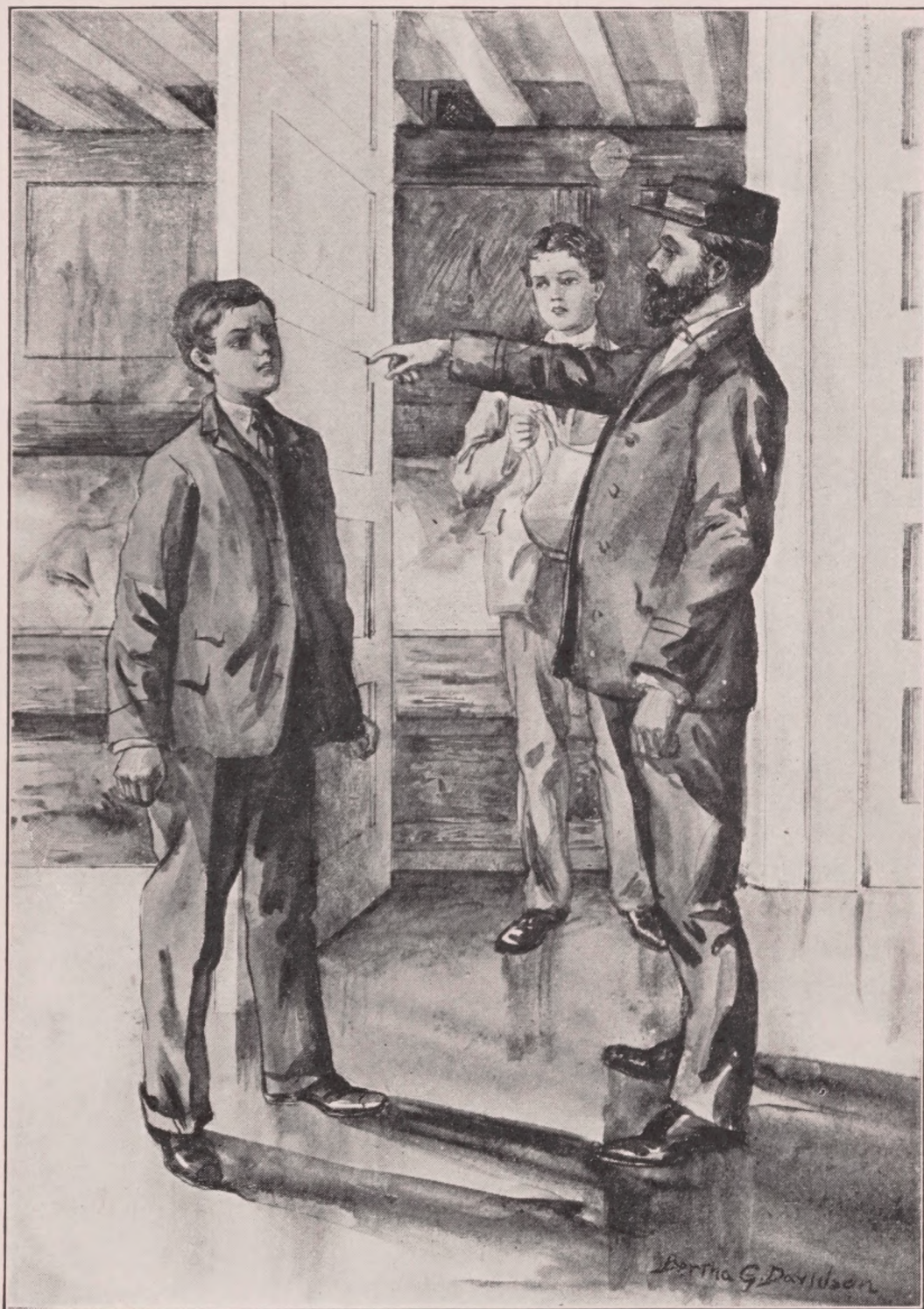
At that the spoiled, ungoverned boy turned his face full toward the mate, and said, with slow insolence:

“I don’t have to mind *you!*”

“Oh, you don’t, eh?” And on the instant out flew the mate’s strong hand, and a tremendous box on his ear, that seemed to slap the whole side of the boy’s face, rung along the passageway.

“You let me alone!” roared Tommy, grabbing at his ear, and turning on the mate like a young fury. “You let me alone! I’ll tell my father!”

“Oh, you will, eh? Then tell him of that, too!” And a second loud box or slap on the other ear sounded along Tommy’s face. The



“‘I DON’T HAVE TO MIND YOU!’”

next instant the boy was hurled with violence into his berth, and as the howling lad drew up one leg that had met a keen bang as he flew on to the bed, the now thoroughly roused mate said, in a deep but sturdy voice:

“Perhaps you won’t think best to talk much about what your father intends you to do aboard this craft after this, and the next time you undertake to cheek an officer, I recommend you cover yourself with armor first. Now here you stay, and can think the matter over until eight bells, then, if you are ready to behave yourself, well and good, if not, you can starve till you are.”

There was a lock on the stateroom door, and Mr. Hemming took out the key, put it in outside, and locked Tommy in. Then he went calmly on to show the other Tommy where to get water for bathing, but he remarked, kindly:

“Never you fear, lad. Good boys get no knocks either here or anywhere else.”

When Mr. Waters heard what had hap-

pened, he told Tommy Joy to bring his school-books to the cabin, and let him see where he was in the various studies. But he said he would not begin any lessons that day, as he thought it best to start the boys together.

It is not customary for the captain to find fault with the ship's officers, unless for some grave offence, so Captain Warren did not reprove Mr. Hemming when he learned what had taken place. He had said to Mr. Joyce, however, that he should not lay rough hands on his son, although he would be made to obey; now he thought it best for others to follow his rule.

When he repeated the remark to Mr. Hemming, the mate replied:

"Ay, ay, sir. I'll keep my hands off the lad another time if I can, but I can tell you, one good, short, sharp lesson is the best thing that young rooster could have had. I'm thinking a few others wouldn't harm him."

"That may be," said the captain, "but the

next time he is unruly, send him to me. I will see that he is sufficiently punished."

Poor Tommy Joy was very unhappy. "If this is the beginning," he thought, "what will the middle or the end of the voyage bring?"

He was to find out the truth of the mate's remark, although he did not hear it. One short, sharp lesson was the best thing in the world for Tommy Joyce.

But Tommy did not remain unhappy all day. We have seen that he knew considerable about the kind of men that sail the seas, and he knew that Tommy Joyce would not be released until eight bells, or four o'clock in the afternoon. What would he do then? At all events he would be treated fairly.

Mr. Waters was surprised at the progress Tommy Joy had made when he looked over the school-books with him. Tommy liked Mr. Waters. He made him think of Mr. Sudbury, and he felt sure of getting on well with this genial, able man.

“ I should think,” said Tommy, grinning shyly, “ you’d ’a’ liked to ’a’ been a teacher.”

“ I intended to be,” said Mr. Waters, looking smilingly across the sea, “ but my health gave out on land, and, as I love the water like a veritable duck, I took to sailing.”

CHAPTER XIX.

MAMMY LIBBY

LEFT to himself, Tommy wandered over to the kitchen, peeped in, and saw Nat Lorrin, the tall, plump cook, busy washing dishes.

“Mornin’, sah,” said Nat, laughing and showing a splendid set of teeth. “Come right int’ the cookin’ s’loon, somebody here like a-see you right well.”

Tommy stepped in and looked in such surprise at an object seated in the kitchen that Nat slapped his side, and broke into a loud, merry laugh.

In a great wooden armchair sat an old colored woman, sleek and comfortable, her wool half-white, a bright bandanna, or red and yellow cotton handkerchief, deftly knotted on her head, and a pipe in her mouth.

At sight of Tommy, she removed the pipe, nodded, smiled in friendly fashion, and half-sang, in a jolly, crooning voice:

“ ‘Lorr’ bress de whole caboodle !
Hail Columby, Yankee doodle !’

“ Now whar you come fum, chile, an’ how long yer gwine a-stay? ”

“ Reckon I’ll stay long as the ship does,” Tommy answered, his grin very broad.

Here was a great and unexpected pleasure, finding this nice-looking, soft-voiced old woman on board.

“ Dat’s right, honey, jes’ you stay on de *Sooky Sincla’r* long’s you can. An’ ef you has a mis’ry in yo’ toe, or yo’ stummick, or yo’ li’l backbone, jus’ you come to Mammy Libby, an’ she git you well in no time.”

“ Where’s that other boy? ” asked Nat, who spoke more like “ white folks ” than his old mother.

“ He’s in bed,” Tommy replied, not wanting to say any more.

But he had no immediate chance to say any more, for Mammy Libby broke at once into a kind of sweet wail:

“ In bed! Oh, cracky gooshy! Why didn’ de capting send fo’ me? He know, do dat Capting Warring, dat ole Mammy Libby, she know how to plaster up de sickest chicken dar nebber was. Wot’s de trubble wiv de po’ li’l limb? ”

“ Oh, he isn’t sick,” Tommy answered, carelessly; “ he’ll be up pretty soon.”

“ Li’l Lazy-bones? ” questioned mammy. Then rolling her eyes and glancing fearfully around, she whispered:

“ ’Fraid dat won’t do ’board de *Sooky Sincla’r!* Nobuddy get allowed be lazy here, ’cept ” — mammy put on an air of importance — “ ’cept it am ole Mammy Libby. I’s gettin’ ole, lammie, an’ ef I doan feel right pert now ’n’ den, nottin’ is said ef I lies abed, but fo’ a young pair ob legs like yourn to stick in bed till aften de forenoon mos’ gone — ”

Mammy shook her head, and, her eyes rolling, whispered again:

"You better be tellin' dat udder clo'es-pin to be tumblin' outen bed quick's he can."

Tommy was greatly amused and also fascinated at mammy's queer speech and rolling eyes. He only repeated:

"He's going to get up pretty soon." But Nat remarked:

"Reckon he spoke ruther smart to some one, didn't he? 'Pears like I was hearin' he did; looks like he could, too."

Mammy threw up her hands. "Now de Lorr bress his li'l young soul! He didn' go a-sassin' de captin or one de ossifers, did he? But thar! He's jes' a po' li'l land pick'ninny, ennyway, doan know de ways ob de sea, nor de men as sails it. Wisht I could go comfut de po' mizz'ble li'l sinner! I declar' to goodness I'd like to mudder him a bit."

Such a pitying, motherly expression overspread the face of the old colored woman that

Tommy found himself saying, almost without meaning to:

“ I haven’t got any mother or father, either. It must be nice to have a mother.”

Mammy’s voice was like music as she replied:

“ Doan nebber say you hasn’t a farder, chile. De gre’t, good Farder in heb’n, he nebber tek his eye off’n a po’ young creeter dat hasn’ a farder nor a mudder on de yearth. Isn’t you nebber said, ‘ Our Farder wich art in heb’n ’ ? ”

“ Yes, my mother taught me that,” Tommy replied, a feeling of great comfort stealing over him at mammy’s words.

“ Well, doan fergit to say dat pra’r eb’ry mornin’, an’ yet agen eb’ry night, nebber fergit it, chile.”

Mammy was in her element when preaching little sermons, and she went on to assure Tommy of his mother’s continued care and watchfulness over him, although he could not see her.

“Mudders nebber fergit!” she said, solemnly, “nebber fergit dere own borned chil-lerns.”

Whether the ministers would have approved of all she said or not, every word was a comfort to orphaned Tommy, and the tender names she called him were indeed like drops of honey to his own sweet nature.

All at once Mr. Hemming, in passing the kitchen, saw Tommy inside, and sung out:

“Come, shipmate, wouldn’t you like to see a brood of Mother Cary’s chickens?”

Out ran the boy, and, peering over the vessel’s side, was amused at seeing as many as twenty queer birds hovering over the water.

“They have long wings and web-feet, like a duck,” said Mr. Hemming, “and can either fly or swim. Their real name is the stormy petrel, a kind of sea-fowl to be found in nearly all waters. We often see them far out at sea.”

“Are they good to eat?” asked Tommy.

Mr. Hemming laughed. “Not remark-

ably. I'm afraid you wouldn't exactly enjoy this kind of chicken for food. They say that, should any one handle one with the feathers off, it would be impossible to rid the hands of the smell for weeks. I never tried handling one myself."

"Guess we better let them alone," grinned Tommy.

Then Nat Lorrin appeared, a panful of crumbs in his hands. He tossed the crumbs overboard, and the flock of chickens skimmed the water, quickly catching up the crumbs.

"The Jacks gobble just as fast after they're chickens as ever," said Nat, with a chuckle, as he turned away.

Tommy looked inquiringly at the mate.

"That is an old superstition with sailors," Mr. Hemming explained. "A sailor, you know, is always 'Jack,' no matter what his true name, and there has been an old saying among seamen that when a sailor was buried at sea he turned into one of Mother Cary's chickens. I do not think they are really fool-

ish enough to believe such nonsense, still, whenever a flock of them appears, I notice the sailors are very quick to feed them."

"Sailors are all right," remarked Tommy. "Don't you think so, Mr. Hemming?"

"Best fellows in the world when it comes to kindness of heart, and when they behave themselves," Mr. Hemming replied, "and mostly our men behave like the true-hearted fellows they are."

After that, Tommy curled up on one of the padded seats of the cabin, and became absorbed in a story of the sea.

At eight bells, Mr. Hemming unlocked the door of Tommy Joyce's stateroom, and found the boy sleeping soundly. His soft, light hair floated off in thick waves from his white forehead, and his face was flushed, as if he might have grieved himself to sleep.

"Poor lad," whispered the mate, who had by no means a hard heart, "if only he will learn to obey, and step round like that other

lad, he won't have any more trouble. Captain will have a good talk with the lad once he wakes up."

But Tommy did not wake up that night. Three times Mr. Hemming went to the little room, but, as the boy did not stir, he did not think it best to rouse him.

The next morning the boys were called as before, twenty minutes before breakfast-time. Tommy Joyce, however, did not make his appearance. When Captain Warren went himself to his stateroom, he found Tommy still in bed, one of his handkerchiefs, which had been dipped in water, bound about his head.

It was plain to see that the boy felt ill, and that his head was aching. When he refused all food, the captain told him he had better get up, wash his face and hands, then have some toast and warm milk.

"I will send the stewardess to you," he added, kindly, "and after using the cooling water and eating some simple food, I think

you will feel better. Get up if you can after your breakfast, for Mr. Waters wants very much to start you two boys together on your lessons to-day."

"I'll get up if I can," said Tommy, speaking quite like a young gentleman.

The captain's manner was so welcome to the unhappy boy that Tommy was truly grateful for it. He got up, unbound his head, and used plenty of cold water, which he found refreshed him, but the boy was unprepared for the person who brought his food. He did not notice particularly when Captain Warren said the "stewardess," and so was surprised at seeing a tall, majestic-looking old colored woman come into the stateroom, tray in hand, and kindness written all over her dark face.

"Mornin', honey," she said, bowing and smiling. "Here comes Mammy Libby wi' yo' brefgus. Jus' you wait w'ile I pokes up de pillers an' gets you right comferable. Den see how pert yo'll feel aften you gets sump-sin' inside yo' li'l pudd'n-bag."

Tommy gave a shake of laughter, but mammy set the tray on the chair, and was already beating up the pillows, then with surprising strength she boosted him into a sitting posture, and put the tray before him.

“Dar now!” she exclaimed, in her soft notes, “eat away w’ile de t’ings am all hot an’ tasteful, an’ mammy’ll fotch yo’ water jus’ fo’ to-day.”

“No,” said Tommy, “you’re awfully good, but I’ll get the water after I’m dressed. I made up my mind I would yesterday, and I’d better. Thank you all the same.”

Mammy closed the stateroom door and sat down. The breakfast, neatly served and perfectly prepared, was tasting delightfully to Tommy, who, with the first mouthful, discovered that he was extremely hungry.

“Now, my chile, ole Mammy Libby want a-tell you sumpsin’,” began the old mother, who was delighted at seeing an opportunity to preach one of her short, sweet sermons: “A li’l bird was tellin’ me dat a dear young

pick'ninny were gettin' inten trubble, 'cause he speak too pert-like to one ob de mates. Was you usen to speak dat a-way at home, honey? "

"Oh, I used to kick up like everything at home," was Tommy's honest reply. It seemed as if he could tell anything to this crooning old mother. "I used to give it to the servants like the mischief, and make an awful fuss if things didn't just suit me."

"But dat were in yo' farder's house."

"Yes, that was in my father's house."

"Well, now, let me tell you, lambkin, yo' farder's house am one place, an' de gre't world am anudder place. In yo' farder's house, you's de darlin' boy, an' de pet chicken, an' de belub-bed son. But when you goes out inten de world, you's no darlin' boy ob de worl's; de world don't mek no pet chicken ob you, de world don't know anysing 'bout belub-bed sons. You use de world right, an' it use you right; you sass de world, an' de world it up an' hit you."

"That's so!" said Tommy, feeling that recent events had already proved the truth of mammy's words.

"Now, jus' one udder remark," continued mammy, beaming on the listening boy, and holding up a pointed forefinger to impress the "udder remark:"

"Ef I were a bright li'l qual'ty man, dat were a-travellin' 'board de *Sooky Sincla'r*, an' with right good men to man her, an' could eder sass de men an' keep a-gettin' inten all sorts o' picklin' or could be a right firs'-class young goslin' dat eb'rybody would like, an' so hev de beauty-flest time dat ebber was, I'd be smart nuff an' sens'ble nuff to be de perlitest li'l ole gen'l'man aboard de ocean! Yassir, I jus' done would!"

A series of nods and a solemn rolling of the eyes added to the strength of mammy's speech, and, after a moment of quiet, Tommy made a reply which set mammy cackling with satisfaction.

"This nice toast is going into my mouth,"

he said, with a boyish shrug, "and your nice words are walking into my head, and I'm not all a fool, so I'm not going to fight any one on this vessel any more."

"Now, hear dat!" exclaimed mammy, glancing around, as if addressing the universe. "Jus' you stick to dat yere res'lution, an' whar's de happier young soul dan dis one?"

Then, as she took the tray with its empty dishes, she added:

"Captin' did'n' say anysing 'bout my addin' a drapped egg to de toast, but, as drapped eggs goes mostly with toast, I pre-judged it better be added."

"It went down pretty easy," said Tommy. "And say, I'm awfully glad you're aboard. I reckon once in awhile I'd better run to you for advice."

"Yo'll be shore ob gettin' it, honey, shore ob gettin' it," and, with a satisfied nod, mammy's high turban disappeared around the doorway.

Tommy got up, made his bed with care,

and started out to find Mr. Hemming. That gentleman was looking off at sea through large glasses called "binoculars," but turned quickly as he heard some one say respectfully:

"If you please, sir, I'd like to see where I can get water."

"Oh, certainly, come this way."

It may seem a little strange, but neither Mr. Hemming nor Tommy ever spoke one to the other about the affair of the previous day. Perhaps it was better so.

As for Tommy Joy, when he saw Tommy Joyce enter the cabin, he exclaimed, joyfully:

"Oh, jolly, I'm so glad you've come! We'll get on like everything with our lessons soon as we once begin."

CHAPTER XX.

AS THEY SAILED

AND get on they did. Yet Tommy Joyce, with all his highly-paid-for schooling, was not as far ahead as Tommy Joy, with his quick mind and eagerness to learn.

When Mr. Waters found the difference in what they had been over, he asked Tommy Joy if he was willing to go back considerably, in order that they might take the same lessons.

But before the boy could reply, up rose the finer part of Tommy Joyce's nature, and he looked an eager and noble boy as he exclaimed:

"No! That wouldn't be fair. Let him go ahead, and me try to catch up. I reckon I could."

“Yes, I think you could,” said Mr. Waters. “It will take considerable extra study, but, if you determine to, you doubtless could do it some time before the voyage is over.”

“I’ll do it,” said Tommy, feeling for the first time what a grand thing it was to have ambition in a right direction, and say, “I will!”

The boy showed what was in him, as he kept at study while Tommy Joy was curled up in a corner of the cabin, a story-book in hand. Of course, he did not study all the time. There were games and puzzles he enjoyed immensely, and at which he was somewhat quicker than Tommy Joy. Then there were sports on deck.

Meantime, the lads were growing very fond of each other. Wherever one was, the other was sure to be. Neither had enjoyed a boy companionship before. Tommy Joyce, because he couldn’t lord it over other boys of his own age. Tommy Joy, because no other waif appeared on Merchant’s Wharf, and he

had all he could do to earn pennies for food and lodging. The boys never would have been friends for any length of time had they remained on land. Sailing the seas in company, each found out what a fine, brave young boy the other was.

One afternoon, when Tommy Joyce was scratching away at an example in arithmetic, the other Tommy said, quietly:

“You’re a real nice boy, Tommy; wouldn’t many keep at it the way you do.”

Tommy began to giggle. “Guess you wouldn’t ’a’ thought I was very nice if you’d seen me at home.”

“What made you act that way?” asked the other Tommy, innocently, and looking puzzled at the idea of such actions as he had heard something of.

“Just knew I could,” was the answer. “You see” — Tommy looked a bit sheepish — “I had a notion I could make the whole world stand round. Mr. Hemming took that out of me, and ’twas a good job, too.”

Tommy Joy laughed out loud, then grew sober:

"I was afraid he might kill you, Tommy. It scared me awfully when you said what you did."

"Served me right if he had," said Tommy, with surprising candor, "but I tell you what, 'twas Mammy Libby told me the biggest truth about things. Captain Warren talked first-class to me next morning, but mammy told how folks out in the world would use me if I kept up my gimcracks, and thinking I was my mother's little sugar-plum baby."

Both boys laughed, and Tommy Joyce went back to his lesson. Several times the other Tommy had helped him, and was always more than glad to, and Tommy was "catching up" bravely. But one day the lesson plagued him, and in a fit of the old temper he threw his algebra across the cabin. The book came down loose jointed, almost a wreck.

Mr. Waters was in the dining-saloon, and

came forward asking what that noise meant. At sight of the book, he told Tommy to go to the quarter-deck, the captain's particular walk, show him the school-book, and tell how it came in that condition.

Tommy did not stir.

"I suppose you heard me," said Mr. Waters, sternly.

Still Tommy did not move, and what might have happened there is no knowing had it not been that Tommy Joy, frightened and nervous at the looks of things, said, entreatingly:

"Tommy, please go!"

At that, up got the boy, went to the quarter-deck, and told the story truthfully, but in a surly tone.

"I am very sorry for this," the captain said, "especially as you have done so well of late, but you will go to your stateroom, and not leave it again to-night."

Off stalked Tommy without a word. He was full of anger, but he knew that, no matter

how stubbornly he might rebel, it would only be all the harder for him in the end.

Yet a great disappointment was involved in not having his play-hour as usual that afternoon. A favorite game with the two boys and the sailors was that of "quoits," pitching iron rings into a tub set at the far end of the deck. And Mammy Libby had made a walnut turnover in the morning, which was to be given to whoever threw the rings with the most dexterity the greatest number of times.

The game was to be played the hour before supper. If either boy won the turnover, he was to have it with his breakfast the next morning. Now the game was lost to Tommy Joyce, who was one of the best pitchers on board. The turnover also was large enough to stand sharing, and Tommy had laughingly told Tommy Joy he was fairly sure of getting half of it.

But not a sound was heard from the banished lad that night. A bowl of bread and milk was carried to him, which was a great

favor had he but known it, then he was left to himself for the night.

The next morning when he asked Tommy Joy how the game went, and who won, Tommy's face grew sober:

"Didn't have any game," he replied. "Soon as the sailors found you wasn't on deck, Sam Slicer asked:

"'Has captain been chopping his head off with some of his hard-and-fast, cast-iron rules?'

"Mr. Waters heard him, and ordered him off to the wheel. It wasn't his watch, and he swore. Then he was ordered to watch double time. He muttered and shuffled off to the wheel-house, looking black as a thunder-cloud."

Tommy Joyce looked downcast and unhappy.

"I spoiled the whole crew's fun, and got a man into trouble with my blasted temper," he said, ruefully. Suddenly he added, stoutly:

"I'll tell you what it is, Tommy Joy, I'm

going to kill that old temper of mine! I will, if I choke myself doing it!"

"Oh, you will," encouraged the other boy; "and say, I ought not to tell it, p'r'aps, but I heard Mr. Waters say you had the makings of a splendid young fellow in you, and he thought you were going to be one, too."

"Did he?" whispered Tommy, brightening, "I'm glad you told me." He thought a moment, then asked:

"Didn't you ever get mad and throw things, or didn't you ever say hateful things when you got riled?"

Tommy Joy looked up in simple surprise.

"I didn't have things to throw," he said, "and I never said hateful things because Mr. Frankfort and Captain Swart were all the folks I had near by, and they were the kindest people in the world. They used to call me the 'wharf-bird.'"

"You was a great deal happier than I was," said Tommy Joyce. "You see, I had things too slick. I'm better off now."

“Don’t you ever wish you was back at your nice home, Tommy?”

“No, honest, I don’t. I like the ship, the sailing and the sailors, and now I’m really at it, I like studying the way we do.” Tommy lowered his voice: “I get mad as hops, but I know a fellow ought to mind, and now that I’ve got to, I’m going to. Wise, ain’t I?”

Sunday morning, the captain told the boys they were to have a treat at the morning service, and, sure enough, after the Bible lesson and prayers, Nat Lorrin produced a banjo, and, after strumming a few notes with some skill, mammy and he broke into a negro melody so full of power and sweetness that no one on deck moved a muscle or took their eyes off the mother and son while the song continued.

Their voices were a surprise. Nat, tall, muscular and vigorous, sang a sweet, musical tenor, while mammy, old and flute-voiced in talking, rolled out a deep, rich contralto that

Sam Slicer said she *could* make sound like the crack of doom.

After that, one of the greatest delights of the voyage for the boys was hearing Nat and mammy sing.

"It takes the Old Scratch out of me right away," said Tommy Joyce, who certainly was to be praised for honesty of speech in those days, if never before.

Ah, but mammy could cook! Therein lay one great secret of her value to the captain and his officers. And then she was in very truth no mean nurse in case of sickness aboard.

Shipmasters live well, and usually have many luxuries stored away in the ship's pantries. Nat Lorrin could set a neat table, cook for the men, make excellent bread, and cook such vegetables as they could carry. But mammy's black bean soup, with its floating slices of lemon, spices, delectable seasoning, and long stewing, her egg muffins like yellow sponge, her pastry, fruit pies, and cherub cake, how describe them! The captain said

truly that the boys would have some luxuries in the ship's saloon.

"Thought I'd had goodies at daddy's," remarked Tommy Joyce one day, "but mammy cuts out any land cook we ever had." And Tommy Joy quite agreed that mammy could do wonders, and could even "cut out" the college men.

So they sailed and they sailed, studied, recited, read stories, played games, and wrinkled their brows over puzzles that puzzled.

The voyage was pretty well over before Tommy Joyce caught up with Tommy Joy in all their studies. He was farther behind in some things than at first appeared. But the boy did manfully, and a week before port was made the lads were studying the same lessons throughout.

One day a storm arose, which became a fearful tempest as night came on. The wind howled and screamed through the rigging, and the boys, who had been ordered to remain in their staterooms, or in one if they preferred



"THE OLD BLACK WOMAN ROLLED HER EYES AND CLASPED
HER HANDS"

being together, could scarcely keep either to a berth or a chair. They were in Tommy Joyce's room when Mammy Libby appeared.

How mammy ever got across the slanting and mounting deck was a mystery, but it appeared she had.

"Chillerns," she said, her voice deeper than usual, "chillerns, is you 'fraid?"

"Not a great deal," said Tommy Joy, who really minded the storm less than the other Tommy. "Are you, mammy?"

The old black woman rolled her eyes and clasped her hands:

"I hope I isn't afeered ob de wrath of de Lorr'd Gord, nor shakes at his angerness."

"What makes you think the Lord is angry?" asked Tommy Joyce, who suspected that mammy was scared herself, but did not want them to know it.

"Listen to de drefful glory ob his terr'ble voice," cried mammy. "De sails is all furled, an' I'se hear de capting order 'em to tek de mizzen off her. De bo's'n's voice am hoarse

wi' hollerin', an' I heerd 'em haulin' ob de jibs an' stowin' ob de mainsail. I 'spected dar'd be trubble soon as I seen 'em a-geese-wingin' ob de sails, an' heerd de mate shoutin' out fum de fo'k'sle dat 'twor gettin' time to undress de ship."

"You know most as much as the sailors, don't you?" asked Tommy Joy.

"I'se sailed de seas fo' thirty year, honey, thirty year! An' I'se allers weddered de gales till now, bress de Lorr! An' de good Lorr' willin', I'll wedder dis, too. Lorr' hev mercy!" she exclaimed, as a great wave struck the vessel, and sent her reeling against the wall.

As mammy righted herself, then sat down flat on the floor, she said, bracing herself with a show of dignity:

"It a gre't comfut to find you two pick'-ninnies isn't scairt een-a-most ouden yo' senses!"

CHAPTER XXI.

IN PORT

THE storm had spent itself when morning dawned. Mammy Libby, with the help of the bo's'n, reached the steward's quarters. The boys were allowed to put on oilskins, rubber boots, and sou'westers, and crawl, assisted each by a sailor, to leeward. This was the part of the vessel most protected from the wind.

Tommy Joyce wished he might be given leave to cross the deck by himself. Tommy Joy was wiser. And the first boy was not half across to leeseide before wondering that he could have been such a know-nothing as to have supposed he could have gone a dozen steps alone without rolling into the water.

The sea was still a seething, boiling mass,

and sailors as well as boys were covered with salt spray almost immediately upon going outside. The wind was like an evil spirit, twisting and tossing the foam that crested the waves, while everything that could be easily moved was fastened tightly to its place.

Yet it was great fun to the boys, crouching close under shelter of the lee, to let bursting waves send sheets of water all over them. How the sailors could tip and balance to the motion of the vessel was more than they could understand.

Mr. Waters, thinking the boys might not have another so good a chance to see the ocean in angry mood, let them skip studies and recitations for the day, feeling that much might be learned as well as enjoyed from watching the effects of the storm.

Numberless fishes were whisked on deck, then slid off again. One enormous fellow came flouncing and fluttering close to them, and both boys screamed at sight of the struggling giant. It flopped itself close to the



"HELD ON TO AN IRON BRACE FOR DEAR LIFE"

vessel's side, where a big wave washed it back to its home.

"Look at the way we'd get bounced overboard if we took to promenading by ourselves yet awhile," said Tommy Joyce, who held on to an iron brace for dear life, although the wind was not dangerous where the boys sat on a short wooden bench.

With every hour the wind went down. The bo's'n, the officer who gives orders about the rigging, hoisting sails, casting anchors, and such duties, began giving directions in a loud voice, to each of which a sailor returned the expected, "Ay, ay, sir!"

During the afternoon, Mr. Hemming tied a stout rope around the waist of each Tommy-boy, and, fastening the ends securely to a coil of cable, let them rove the deck at pleasure.

Off started Tommy Joyce, and down he went, taken off his feet on the slippery deck before half-way over to the sailors' bunks, where he wanted to show what a sturdy Jack tar he was getting to be. Tommy Joy went

more slowly, but was swept off his unsteady little pins, and rolled swiftly against a bulk-head, which stopped him.

Shouts of laughter rang along the deck as the two green young sailors tried to get on their "sea legs." But they tried in vain, and both were glad at last to creep on their hands and knees over to the sailors' quarters, where Sam Slicer, who could be jolly enough at times, seized each lad by the hand on either side of him, and went scudding across the deck in his enormous rubber sea-boots, dragging the youngsters, screaming with laughter as they continually lost footing and went slipping and sliding along, obliged to keep up with the lusty Sam.

They slept like little pigs that night, and were only sorry when the next morning they saw bright sunlight, and the deck swept clear of traces of the storm. Sailors were "holystoning" the decks, or rubbing the boards with the holystone, which removes dirt and stains as no soap, however strong, will do.

Two or three times during the voyage the loud cry had sounded from high up in the rigging, "Ship ahoy!" as a sailor sighted another vessel far off across the water. Then the captain would have the boys go to the quarter-deck, and look through the ship's strong glasses, when the dim speck they had just been able to make out in the distance would show itself a brave ship which they might meet.

They "spoke" two vessels, which means the captains shouted to each other when within hailing distance, but neither were bound for North American shores.

Inside the companionway, held in strong brass brackets, was a telescope, and neither boy soon forgot the surprise and delight of the first moonlight night when Captain Warren called them to gaze at the sky through the wonderful instrument.

They started at the first look, for moon and stars were directly before them, clear, vivid, and startlingly near. They took many a look

through the telescope at the heavenly bodies after that, and took great pleasure in learning the names of many of the stars, as the captain taught them, and also pointed out their courses.

There came one morning when at daybreak the lads were awakened by loud cries, the stamping of feet, and a great running to and fro.

Out of bed sprang the boys just as a banging came at their doors, and a sailor cried: "Land ho!"

The sound was a cheery one, much as the voyage had been enjoyed, and in a few moments the two Tommys were on the quarter-deck, where the indulgent captain let each take a long look through the ship's glasses, when lo, what had appeared a mere line of mist on the edge of the horizon, now looked like a far-away land.

Yet progress in a sailing vessel is slow, and

Captain Warren said they were not likely to make the dock before next morning.

And sure enough, it was midway to noon the next day before the *Susie Sinclair* was made fast in port, and in the Bay of Cadiz, which is described as "a deep inlet of the Atlantic."

They could not land for several hours yet. The harbor police must be shown papers, records must be made, and the short day was so fast drawing to a close, the captain thought that it would be much more cheerful to go on land in the sunlight. He had said that the fall was the pleasantest season during which to visit Spain. It was now November; the nights were chilly, but the mornings usually bright.

Both officers and crew were far too busy to pay much attention to the boys, but, perched together on a pile of bales, there was plenty to be seen at the strange port, and they had great sport in watching affairs, making remarks, and passing boyish jests.

Toward dusk Captain Warren stopped before them, and said that after supper he would like to say a few words to them in the cabin.

Nat Lorrin, Mammy Libby, and some of the sailors were going to stick to their bunks, taking short trips ashore as they chose.

"What do you suppose cappie wants to tell us?" asked Tommy Joyce, carelessly, as they waited for the supper gong to sound.

"I expect he'll tell where you are to stay on land," replied the other Tommy.

"And you?"

"I may stay on land part of the time, too," Tommy Joy answered, remembering the promises Mr. Frankfort had set before him.

"You'll just stay on land every minute I do!" cried Tommy Joyce, hotly, and with a show of the old temper. "My father said, if I came on this voyage, you should be company for me all the way through! He did, honest. All is, if you stay on the ship any of the time, I shall!"

“Don’t tell what your father said, though,” warned the other boy.

“No, I won’t, but if they separate us, I won’t enjoy a minute. Say, I don’t ever want to get along without you again, Tommy Joy. You — you keep me pitched.”

He meant balanced, but the boy he spoke to understood, and as they both chuckled, the gong sounded.

Yes, Captain Warren told them in a cheery way that they were both to go ashore in the morning with Mr. Waters, where they would have a room at a hotel, as both he and Mr. Waters would also. “You will be directly under the care of Mr. Waters while in Cadiz,” he added, “as the unlading and lading of the ship, together with other business matters, will take much of my time, but, as some study will be required, and there will be considerable sightseeing. Mr. Waters will be guide as well as teacher.”

So two very contented, hopeful youngsters “turned in” at bedtime, and slept until the

bo's'n's loud rap awoke them in the sunshiny dawn.

Oh, what a funny place Cadiz looked as the little party made their way to the hotel. Yet it was cheerful, too, with houses that were white, all white on every side.

"Are the houses painted, or what?" asked Tommy Joyce.

"No," Mr. Waters replied, "they are whitewashed. It is a custom with many of the Spanish people merely to whitewash the outside of their houses, but you see the streets are paved quite as well as in most other cities.

"Cadiz," he went on, "is really the chief centre of Spanish-American trade. There are four large forts, also a fine naval station, which we saw as we sailed up the bay."

The boys said they noticed the forts, and wondered what they were.

At the hotel Tommy Joy did not express the wonder and almost the confusion he felt on entering the beautiful room in which the

boys' trunk was already placed. He would have known nothing at all about such furnishings but for his visits at the college. He was glad now not to be entirely ignorant of such surroundings.

But here were two small bedsteads, all white and gilt, two bureaus, a square mirror on each, two washstands or commodes, and two willow rockers. Between the commodes was a tall, tastefully painted screen, which almost made separate rooms at that end of the apartment. A finely woven Chinese matting was on the floor, and soft rugs made it easy to step about in feet merely socked or bare. The boy reflected on:

To think that *he*, Tommy Joy, wharf-bird and errand boy, was to share this rich-looking place!

"Quite a respectable room, isn't it?" remarked Tommy Joyce, glancing at the silk table-cover, the curiously wrought curtains, and the pictures on the wall. Then he showed his superior intelligence in some directions,

for, going closer to one of the pictures, he exclaimed:

“Oh, say, Tommy, this is a Murillo. My mother has a Murillo in our drawing-rooms. Yes, and I remember she told me he was a very famous painter and a native of Seville, another city of Spain. They cost like sixty, and you don’t often catch them outside of the cathedrals now.”

Tommy Joy was glad the other boy had explained what a “Murillo” was. He had no more knowledge of art or artists than any other wharf waif was likely to have. But he felt a sudden glow of pride and joy as he thought within himself:

“But it may be that I shall know all about these high-up things if I keep on studying, and keep up knowing Tommy Joyce.”

The boy had learned a good many useful and refining things from his Tommy-friend already, — nice habits at the table, the care of his hands, keeping his clothes with a certain neatness, little matters that the poorer

boy was quick to see and swift in imitating, and liked to imitate, things that he felt must go toward making up a real young gentleman.

In the evening Mr. Waters took the boys out for a walk in the streets, which were brilliantly lighted.

"I didn't expect to see such good streets and bright lights and all that," said Tommy Joyce. "My father has a friend, Colonel Larrington, who came to Spain once, and I heard him say it was an awfully queer place."

"It might strike an American that way," Mr. Waters replied, "for whitewashed houses are very different from stone fronts, and the manners and customs of the people are new and strange. Yet, centuries ago, not long after Columbus discovered America, Cadiz was the great centre or headquarters of nearly all the commerce of the world. Or, in other words, it was the great trading-mart where bargains or exchanges were made of the most important of the world's supplies.

"We shall have a good many walks and

talks while ashore, for, although our lessons are not to be neglected, there yet will be time to learn a great deal by means of the sights to be seen. Using one's eyes often teaches more than books can do. Remember that."

CHAPTER XXII.

IN A STRANGE LAND

THERE were trips many, sights many, lessons many, and pleasures many, while in the sunny land of Spain.

It interested the boys to see how the olives grew on rather small trees or shrubs. And, o-oh! how bitter they were in their natural state, before being put into salt water, and bottled for transportation to various European or American shores.

Oranges and lemons were gathered all ready for the markets or the ships, but Tommy Joyce turned up his nose at the oranges, as he said:

“Pooh! They’re not half as large or as fine as our own Floridas!”

“Yes, but the American market is a great

gobbler," Mr. Waters replied, "that swallows up all the fruit it can easily get."

The *Susie Sinclair* was to take back a cargo of fruits: oranges, lemons, olives, hundreds of boxes of raisins, a great quantity of rich olive-oil, and a large supply of Spanish wines.

It amused the young travellers to see how different grades of raisins were prepared from the abundant vineyards. Aboard ship, Nat Lorrin and the sailors always spoke of raisins as "plums." Many the spray of plump, rich "plums" the boys had enjoyed at the captain's table, for he considered them much less harmful than confectionery or rich cake.

Now the lads found that great clusters of raisin grapes were half-broken from the vine when ripe, but not entirely severed, then were left hanging in the sun to dry pretty thoroughly before being packed and pressed in the boxes. The choicest kinds are dried in this way, and become our beautiful "layer raisins."

Others are dried on roofs or boards raised

from the ground, and are a less expensive grade; then there are still more common grapes, which, after being dried, have sugar sprinkled freely over them, and are packed in small kegs. These are called "cask raisins," and are the cheapest of all. Captain Warren did not carry them.

Mr. Waters, in going about with the lads, was often surprised at the intelligence they displayed. The longer they stayed, the more accustomed they all became to Spanish customs and habits, both in the streets and to some extent in the homes.

One thing was noticeable. The children of the Spaniards were sometimes noisy and ungovernable. Fits of wilfulness and screaming were often seen in the streets. Singularly enough, these actions particularly disgusted Tommy Joyce. One day, after watching a boy who was wholly unruly, he exclaimed:

"I'd like to have the training of that kid for about five minutes. Wouldn't I trounce him?"

"You wouldn't be allowed," Mr. Waters replied. "It is said that the children of Spanish parents are almost never punished. If they cannot be coaxed or bribed into good behavior, they are simply let alone."

The boys were to have speedy proof of the truth of this. The next morning, in company with Mr. Waters, they visited the two great cathedrals or churches, saw the fine architecture, wide altars, and costly paintings. They returned late for dinner, and, as Mr. Waters was in haste to go to the dock, the boys went by themselves to the hotel dining-room.

The older people had dined and gone, but several children were having their dinners. Presently two of the children wanted something that was not to be had. They began to kick and scream, and at first the waiters tried to quiet them. But the loud cries only increased, and at length they were let alone. No one came to find out what was the matter, as it was so common a thing to hear such screams, and the two visiting lads were glad

to finish their dinners and hurry from the table.

As they reached the top of the stairs on the way to their room, Tommy Joyce stopped short.

“Jingo!” he began, “I believe that’s the very way I used to carry on when I couldn’t have just what I wanted.”

“Did you used to roar that way?” asked Tommy Joy.

“Yes, I did lots of times. My father tried to stop it at the last, but I’d screech all the same when he wasn’t round. I used to act like a pirate with the servants. But I couldn’t come my tricks over our old Scotch coachman. I had a scrap with him in the street one day, and he’d have dropped me overboard, handed me right down from the coachy’s seat into the street if I hadn’t promised to behave. I wanted to hold the whip, and kept tormenting the horses with it, but he got it away from me. I came the gentleman, and agreed not to touch the horses again if he’d let me have

it, and he did. After that everything was peaceful as the mill-pond, and I sat like a post on the box, holding the whip."

Tommy Joy grew thoughtful. "Was that ever so long ago, up by the library?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Then I believe I saw you. I'd been trotting way up town, and saw a boy sitting up straight beside a coachman, holding a great high whip, and I thought how nice he must feel."

"Must 'a' been me. Why didn't you sing out?"

Both laughed, but a swift memory showed Tommy Joy himself as he was that day. To his boyish mind it seemed very long ago.

"And now," he thought, "here I am living with that very boy, that seemed as high up above me as the clouds! If anybody'd told me then that I'd be sleeping in the same room with him in about a year and a half, I wonder what I'd said!"

But Tommy kept these thoughts to himself.

Not long after this something happened which showed the great change which must have come over Tommy Joyce since running away from his father's house.

One thing strictly forbidden was for either boy to go away from the hotel unless either Captain Warren or Mr. Waters was with him. Their lessons were going on with considerable regularity, and each pleasant day Mr. Waters went with them on some enjoyable outing unless the captain took them out for some special treat.

At the same hotel with the boys was another American lad, about eighteen years old, who often joined the two Tommys in the large parlor, or perhaps in the corridors, and appeared to enjoy chatting with them.

One day he went into an interesting and vivid account of a bull-fight, a very cruel kind of amusement of which the Spaniards are very fond. The boy, Willis Parker by name, assured the younger lads that they had

not seen anything to speak of until they had witnessed a bull-fight.

He described the splendid animal that came rushing and stamping into the arena, the princely appearing matador who stood flaunting a red cloth to goad the powerful creature into a perfect fury. Then the picador, who, showily dressed and mounted on a superb and bespangled horse, dashed toward the bull, and with a long spear wounded the angry beast just in time to turn his attention from the matador, who still waved the crimson cloth.

He spoke of the excited yells of the spectators when at last the poor bull was wounded to death, while the finely shaped and agile matador was still unharmed.

Boys barely in their teens are much more likely to think of the brilliant and thrilling side of such a sport than of its cruelty, and both Tommys begged Captain Warren, the next time they saw him, to take them to the

forum for the next fight, or to allow them to go with Mr. Waters.

To their keen disappointment, Captain Warren said that on no account would he allow them to look on at such a performance. He added:

“If there is anything hard or cruel in your natures, a bull-fight would bring it out and deepen it about as soon as anything I know of.”

That ended the matter so far as any permission was concerned. Both boys had wanted very much to see the sight, and Tommy Joyce, it must be confessed, was inclined to be sullen at the decided refusal.

Willis Parker, quick to see the boy's spirit, said to him when they happened to be by themselves:

“Why don't you hook off and see a fight without saying anything about it? It's gay, I tell you! All the fashion and show of the place is seen there.”

“Oh, I couldn't,” Tommy replied. “Mr.

Waters watches us too closely. I couldn't get the chance."

"Yes, you could," persisted the older boy. "Go to bed and pretend to go to sleep. The night performances are late. Wouldn't the other boy go if you urged him?"

"No, don't believe you could hire him."

"I suspected as much," retorted Willis, with a sneering smile. "But, if you really want to see the greatest, most stirring sight in the world in the way of sport, now's your time. You'll never forget it."

"I'll try it," yielded Tommy, his strong will getting the better of him, and remembering how easily he had stolen out at night once before.

Two nights afterward, when Tommy Joy was peacefully sleeping, Tommy Joyce crept out of the room without a sound, and slipped unobserved out of the hotel.

The next day, Captain Warren took the boys out for a sail in a gondola, a gaily

painted boat, that, under the management of two gondoliers, or rowers, skimmed the water like a duck.

Never had Tommy Joy seen Tommy Joyce seem happier or in gayer spirits. His face wore one long smile from the moment of starting until their return. And yet, for all his beaming countenance, the boy was comparatively quiet.

After supper that night, the boys met Willis Parker in the hall, and, although both spoke pleasantly to him, he turned away with only a stiff, unfriendly nod.

When they were in their room for the night, Tommy Joy asked:

“What made the Parker boy so huffy?”

“Mad with me,” was Tommy Joyce’s short reply.

“Do you know what for?”

“Reckon I do.”

Then Tommy told of his continued desire to see a bull-fight, of the temptation Willis Parker set before him, and his resolve to see

the sight. He told of creeping out and meeting Willis at a certain corner.

"All at once," Tommy went on, "I thought what a mean sneak of a fellow I was, stealing off with a great boy I knew must be mean himself, and I wished I was back in my room.

"It's funny," chuckled Tommy, "but all at once again I thought I'd got to choose once and forever, amen! — whether I'd be a small skulk of a boy, or whether I'd be a — a — man! And I stopped right where I was on the sidewalk, and says to Willis Parker, 'I'm going back home.'

"'What ails you, you little gump?' says he.

"'I don't care if you call me every horrid name you can think of,' says I, 'I'm going home, and I ain't afraid of you, either.'"

"That was first-rate!" said Tommy Joy, as he slapped a wet sponge over the back of his neck, as if in applause. "Good for you, Tommy, that was — it was — *first-rate!*"

"Well," continued Tommy, grinning

widely, "once I read in a goody-goody book about a fellow who was so good he made you sick. No matter what that pill wanted to do that wasn't just square, he wouldn't do it, and it kept telling what a vict'ry he had come over himself, and he was so happy," — Tommy's voice took on a kind of wheedling scorn, — "oh, *so* happy! I thought he was just a little tom-fool saint that didn't have a bit of fun, he was so tremendous, stupid good!

"But," Tommy seemed suddenly confused, and stammered a little, "but, though I should hate that made-up goody-goody boy just as much as ever," — he jerked around, facing Tommy Joy squarely, — "it *does* make you happy to do the right thing, and I'm not a bit ashamed to own it, either, Tommy Joy!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOME: THE TOMMY BROTHERS

A MONTH sped by on the wings of the wind. Sightseeing, trips to other cities, lessons, and entertainments had so crowded the time that the boys in their heedless enjoyment could scarcely believe that cruising and home-returning time had already arrived.

Yet both hailed with delight the prospect of returning to the good ship, *Susie Sinclair*, as they took friendly leave of those at the hotel who had shown them many kindnesses.

The lads had learned several Spanish words, but used only a few, such as "gracias," thank you; "casa," house; "la comida," the dinner; "digame usted," please tell me; and "deme usted," please give me.

These were the words most frequently

needed, for, if at the table they said in Spanish, "please give me," they could point to what was wanted, so finishing the sentence with a gesture. To say "thank you" was one of the requirements of politeness here, the same as everywhere else.

The Spaniards had not seemed a very happy people, their countenances for the most part being sad or morose. At first they appeared suspicious and distant where strangers were concerned, yet, after becoming acquainted, they grew friendly, hospitable, and quick to do a favor.

The queer breakfasts, made up chiefly of solid chocolate and sweet cakes, were quite to the liking of the boys.

Ah, but it was pleasant to be aboard the *Susie Sinclair* again, and this time soon bound for home.

"We'll skip up the harbor before long," exclaimed Tommy Joyce, a bright sparkle in his eyes. "Jolly, won't my folks think I'm improved!"

The Tommys giggled at this frank speech, as they were inclined to at everything, they felt so gay.

Each had written letters home directly on arriving at Cadiz, — Tommy Joyce to his father and mother, Tommy Joy to Mr. Frankfort and Mr. Sudbury.

On shipboard, Sam Slicer gave them boisterous welcome, hollering out:

“Avast there, shipmates! Coming to help man the *Susie*, as she trips it home-ud bound?”

Mammy Libby held up dusky hands, as she piped, melodiously:

“‘Lorr’ bress de whole caboodle!
Hail Columby, Yankee doodle!’

Ef here isn’t de deah li’l men come back fo’ to eat de cakes an’ help de ole ship heel an’ toe it back to de home-lan’!”

Nat Lorrin held up two plum tarts, nodding and showing all his ivories.

“Thought that would be a welcome kind

o' welcome," he said, as the rich little pies were quickly grabbed. Regular rules on shipboard had not begun.

Mr. Hemming shook hands heartily with the lads, whom he had seen only two or three times while in port.

Then came sailing, lessons, sport, and one great storm. Again the vessel, all "undressed," rocked and strained, creaked and groaned, as the wild winds shrilled through the dismantled masts. Again Mammy Libby insisted on being piloted over to the state-rooms of the boys, declaring they needed comforting.

This time the nearly fearless lads felt sure that mammy herself was trembling with fear, as she began in her honey-like croon:

"Now, doan you po' li'l pick'ninnies go to gettin' scairt! De deah Lorr' Gord, he tek care ob us all de same in de sunshine an' de storm. You said yo' prayers, chillerns?"

One boy confessed to having said them the

day before, the other remained prudently silent.

“Doan ebber fergit dem,” preached mammy. “You doan want de good Farder in heb’n to go a-fergettin’ you, oh no! Den doan you go a-fergettin’ him, — listen to dat now!” she cried, interrupting herself, as the tempest went with a wild screech overhead, as if indeed evil spirits were holding a revel in the air. It was a hard, stern night, and, when mammy’s voice failed her, — she said the wind made her hoarse, — the boys talked, told stories, and pitched about the staterooms, laughing at their forced antics, and altogether cheered the heart of the kind-hearted old colored woman. All were glad when morning broke and the wind went down.

No one had reason to complain of either lad on the return trip. Their staterooms were pictures of neatness, their lessons well learned, and each lad had proved himself a capital young sailor.

One day, as the slow voyage was nearing

an end, the boys, after having put their heads together in a long confab, went to Captain Warren with the announcement:

“If you please, sir, we want to ask you something.”

“All right, lads, go ahead, but don’t be too hard on me. Remember, I haven’t been studying all the way over and all the way back!”

Both giggled a little nervously, then Tommy Joyce said, bravely:

“We want to know if you won’t please ask my father to let us come on the next voyage of the *Susie Sinclair*. We don’t either of us want to stay on land yet; we like the sea too much. We’ll study like sharks if you will!”

Captain Warren’s broad shoulders gave a shake of laughter.

“I never asked a boy’s father yet to let me take him to sea,” he said.

“Oh!” cried Tommy, seeing his mistake. “I mean, won’t you let us go if my father teases you to take us?”

"Can't make any promises," replied the captain. "Better wait and talk it over at home."

And so the boys could only take the captain's advice and wait, but when they told Mr. Waters how much they wanted to keep on the water, he said, kindly:

"I have taken great pleasure in teaching you both and for my part would be very willing to keep on."

It was a great day for our boys when the good ship *Susie Sinclair* went riding safely to her moorings at the wide dock at Tea Wharf.

The lads at the same moment spied Mr. Joyce and Mr. Frankfort, each watching impatiently for a glimpse of his particular Tommy. Handkerchiefs were waved long before the vessel was made fast, and the slanting gang-plank placed. Then there were greetings of the heartiest, gladdest kind.

After Tommy Joy had talked long with

Mr. Frankfort, he found that Mr. Joyce and Tommy stood waiting for him.

What was to come next? Tommy had wondered several times in his berth on the *Susie Sinclair* what he would do when the beautiful trip was over. He had seen the *Peggy Lane* "laying to," as they moved up to the wharf, and remembered the snug bunk aboard, but it somehow did not seem as nice now as it used to. And he had not forgotten the promises Mr. Joyce had made.

"Come, Tommy, most ready?" called Tommy Joyce.

"Ready for what?"

"Why, to come home," answered Tommy Joyce, in the most matter-of-fact tone. "My mother is waiting in a hack at the top of the wharf, and of course you're to come home with us. Papa's going to wait to see Captain Warren and Mr. Waters as soon as he can."

Mr. Frankfort told Tommy to hurry on, and he would see him again sometime.

So, in a comfortable carriage, Tommy

Joyce was soon hugging a pretty and young-looking lady, who cried with joy at seeing her precious boy again. She spoke very kindly also to the other Tommy, noticing with pleasure what a refined and good face the boy had.

The carriage rolled up Beacon Road, and stopped before a fine mansion, where the boys sprang out, and Tommy Joyce assisted his mother to alight, with all the grace of quite a finished little gentleman:

By this time Tommy Joy had become accustomed to a degree to seeing and using nice things, but this lovely home, with its thick, soft carpets, splendid mirrors, costly furniture, its laces, statuary, and rare paintings, really it was like a study in art to the boy, who found he greatly admired it all.

Yes, there must have been good blood in Tommy Joy's veins, for, after all, he was neither awkward nor confused when he found himself in a grand house, and being waited on by trained servants.

The accounts Mr. Joyce received from Captain Warren and Mr. Waters were such as to make his heart rejoice. The captain told of Mr. Hemming's sharp raps, and his own occasional punishments. But Mr. Joyce spoke only words of thanks and approval.

And when Tommy showed himself a gentleman in the home, no longer rude, wilful, or overbearing, his parents could not be too thankful for the change that had seemed to come about as if by magic. Nor were they so dull as not to see and feel the influence of that other boy, whom they called "the other Tommy."

But the surprise came, and an unwelcome surprise it was, when Tommy Joyce began begging to be allowed to go to sea again. His father looked disappointed, as he said:

"I was in hopes you would be delighted to remain at home, settle down and attend school here in town, and be a comfort to father and mother. You know the other Tommy will stay with you."

"I shall stay if you say so, papa," was the sturdy reply, "but I've set my heart on another voyage. I never felt so well in my life as I did on the water, and it was just jolly studying with Mr. Waters."

He added with the old coaxing way that he used often to make winsome with his mother:

"Honor bright, daddy, if you'll let Tommy and me go on the next voyage of the *Susie Sinclair*, I won't ask to go again, but I'll do whatever you want me to after that. Mr. Waters loves to teach. He said he would like to keep on with us."

"But I understand, my dear boy, that the next journey will be to India, taking nearly a year's time."

"Yes, and when we come back Mr. Waters will have us ready for the second year of the high school. Most fellows enter at fourteen, but we should be a grade ahead. Mr. Waters said we could do it easily."

At first the parents could not bring their

minds to give consent. But after Mr. Joyce had talked with Colonel Larrington one afternoon, he began to feel differently. The colonel was considerably older than Mr. Joyce, and had brought up a large family of children.

“Best thing that could possibly be done for the lad,” he said, emphatically, “to keep him out of the way of temptation for the next year. He is at a restless age. If the boy wants to go to sea again, and is willing to study under an able teacher, think of the vast advantage of letting him learn and observe at the same time. Why, Mr. Lossing, president of our bank, said to me the other day he would give almost anything if he could induce his Frank to get out of the city for the next year. Frank is about the age of your son, I take it.”

Then, after seeing and talking with Mr. Waters again, and thinking of Tommy's improved health and really unexpected desire to study, Mr. Joyce decided to let the boy

sail again, and talked his wife over into feeling much the same as he did.

"The boy has done well," the mate had said. "He has a better disposition than when he came to us, and has made a fine start in the right direction in every way. As for the other lad, he has one of those rare natures that easy sailing will not spoil. I wouldn't separate them at present if I were you. I think Captain Warren would not refuse to take them again."

So, late one afternoon in the spring, Tommy Joyce said to Tommy Joy:

"All ready to embark to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Did you manage to find your college friends?"

"Yes."

"What did they say about the India voyage?"

"Said I was a lucky chap."

“ Did you see Mr. Frankfort and Captain Swart? ”

“ Sure! ”

“ What did they think of it? ”

“ Captain Swart said I was the lucky little dog, and Mr. Frankfort said that was prime, just prime! ”

Tommy lowered his voice:

“ Did you tell Mr. Frankfort what Daddy Joyce said about keeping you for my brother? ”

“ Yes, and he slapped my back like fury, swallowed hard, and said: ‘ God bless you, man-child! God bless you! ’ ”

THE END.

JUN 1 1905.

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